ESSEX FLOODS: By TOM DRIBERG

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLV. No. 1144 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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America's War by Proxy

MR. DULLES leaves this island pursued by the stern voice of the House of Commons. On this matter of the Far East, the M.P.s of all parties who criticise President Eisenhower's new policy are genuinely representative of British public opinion. Mr. Eden has every reason to be grateful to them; so far from embarrassing him, as some unthinking commentators have suggested, the volume of protest has greatly strengthened his hand.

Britain's first protest is against being snubbed in Washington. This journal is not as touchy about such matters as the Tory party, but we cannot refrain from pointing out that if the State Department wants to weaken an alliance there is no quicker way than to hurt the ally's national pride. On this occasion the order of events was that, on January 28, the British Ambassador was instructed to inquire about the increase of raids on the Chinese coast from Formosa, and to request that Britain should be consulted before any change in American policy. He was informed on January 30 that the U.S. had arbitrarily decided that the Seventh Fleet should be formally released from the duty of "neutralising" the island of Formosa. Britain could do no more than protest next day.

The diplomatic snub is of secondary importance. Nothing has happened to make Britain doubt the wisdom of recognising the effective Government in Peking, and its right to a seat on the Security Council. The result of America's continued recognition of Chiang Kai-shek has been to cement the alliance between Moscow and Peking, and to close the door on any attempt to secure that general peace in the Far East without which nosolution of the deadlock in Korea seems likely.

In the case of Formosa, the United States fleet did not, as President Eisenhower's words absurdly suggest, defend the vast Chinese mainland from the exiled Kuomintang army. What it did was to maintain off the coast of China a hostile military force boasting of its intentions to reinstate Chiang Kai-shek, and actually carrying out "black" raids on the Chinese coast. This "neutralising" action by the American Fleet had no United Nations sanction, and was never at any time supported by the British. All that has happened now is that instead of conniving at such raids, the President is appeasing Republican supporters — especially the China Lobby—by openly sanctioning attacks by Chiang's Commandos. Just how far the American Navy and Air Force may become involved, is probably unknown even to the Pentagon. Presumably, there will also be an increase of Formosan pirates, who have been seizing and sinking boats legitimately trading with Hong Kong.

No one, however, thinks that such harassing attacks from Formosa are likely seriously to embarrass Mao Tse-tung, though they greatly increase the danger of spreading the war. It will be generally assumed, not only in China, but throughout Asia and Europe, that when Eisenhower refers to a policy of setting "Asians to fight Asians" he has in mind, not only the remnant of the Kuomintang army, Vietnam and the South Koreans, but a resurrected Japanese militarism. The shouts with which Congress greeted the Formosan decision show the grip that MacArthurism has on America. It is strange that Eisenhower should not realise the effect of advocating this type of "war by proxy." When the Korean war began America specially denounced it as a Soviet war by proxy. Now they are themselves conducting war by proxy despite the warnings of Britain and the Asian members of the United Nations.

How can Mr. Eden's protest be made effective? His first step should be to withdraw our consulate from Formosa, and so make it clear that, in maintaining our recognition of Peking, we have altogether repudiated any support for Chiang Kai-shek. We hope Mr. Eden has also warned Mr. Dulles that to pursue his present policy is to encourage in Britain and throughout the Commonwealth a powerful demand for withdrawal from the Korean War. It began as a defensive action by the United Nations; is the President seriously willing to run the grave risks involved in transforming it into an American counter-revolutionary adventure in China?

Forcing the Pace in Europe

In the long run, Mr. Eisenhower's European policy may prove just as dangerous as his decision to fight the Chinese by proxy. Both in the President's report on the State of the Nation and in the broadcast delivered by Mr. Dulles on the eve of his European trip, it was made unmistakably clear that in future American aid will only be forthcoming to those countries which rapidly submit to America's plans for putting Europe on its feet again. Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles seem to have made up their minds that the only way to reduce Europe's economic dependence on the U.S. and to obtain the rapid rearmament of Germany, is to force through a full-scale political union of Western Europe. Up till now this notion has been the monopoly of a few extreme federalists. During his visit to Rome, however, Mr. Dulles ostentatiously gave his blessing to these extremists; and while he was in London there can be little doubt that he warned Mr. Eden of the consequences if Britain remained obdurately "isolationist." Mr. Dulles must know perfectly well that even the most ardent pro-American in Britain could not accede to his pressure on this issue. Britain cannot accept a place within a European superstate without jeopardising the existence of the Commonwealth. On the other hand, if Mr. Dulles gets his way, our position will be precarious. We shall be faced with a clerical superstate in Western Europe, backed by the U.S., dominated by a rearmed Germany and in due course, no doubt, strengthened by the inclusion of Spain. This is a horrifying prospect and it is hoped that the Anglo-French talks which are to follow Mr. Dulles's visit will result in an accord between the two countries firm enough to frustrate Mr. Dulles's plans.

Britain and Egypt

The only significant news about the Anglo-Egyptian situation this week comes from Khartoum. Despite every effort by the Governor-General to detach them, all the Sudanese parties continue to adhere to their agreement with the Egyptians. On Tuesday the Executive Committee of the Socialist Republicans, the only party with any claim to represent the South, met to decide its attitude. It had been widely stated in the British press that the action of its Treasurer in signing up with Neguib's representative, Major Salem, would be disavowed. But the Executive gave him its full support. Since the safeguards for the South during the three years before independence has been the only point at issue between Mr. Eden and Neguib for many weeks, this announcement from Khartoum should strengthen Mr. Eden's determination to get the agreement signed before Britain forfeits any more Sudanese goodwill.

Meanwhile, in Egypt itself, the economic situation continues to deteriorate and the political tension is increasing. With two years' cotton crop unsold, Neguib's Treasury is empty and he cannot even buy the wheat he desperately needs. Unless the Americans help with a gift, there will be actual famine before the year is out. The inexpert handling of land reform is also adding to his troubles in the countryside. All the big estates have already been taken over, but the Government's failure to provide seed corn to the tenant farmers, and the old landlord's natural readiness to sabotage land reform are combining to paralyse agriculture. This makes Mr. Eden's decision to go ahead with the sale of jet fighters to Egypt all the more inexplicable. If the Foreign Secretary wishes to show his goodwill to the Army Movement, there are many things he could do. He could, for instance, make arrangements for a small British purchase of Egyptian cotton thereby simultaneously assisting British exporters who at present can do no business with Egypt and must watch the Germans take over their markets. Instead, he prefers to sell jets to a country on the edge of economic collapse and still avowedly at war with Israel.

Do the Russians Want a Deal?

Do the Russians mean anything practical by their tardy but positive response to the proposal for renewed negotiations on East-West trade? That they would like more trade, if they could get the goods they want by it, goes without saying; and they would clearly be willing and able to supply more of such things as coarse grains and timber, which we need on non-dollar terms, in exchange for either more sterling area materials or more capital goods of special kinds. But there are a number of obstacles. First, the goods the Russians want most are apt to be those which the United States will not let us send without the risk of forfeiting dollar aid. Secondly, as far as capital goods are concerned, they are apt to be just those which we are late in delivering to other customers, or of which we ought to deliver more to the Colonies or to India—and also apt to compete for the use of productive resources with armaments, either for our own use or for export. Thirdly, as far as sterling area materials are concerned, they may involve a net loss of dollars to the sterling pool. These are obvious difficulties, but they ought not to prevent us from doing all we can to meet the Russians half-way. Western Europe cannot prosper until it can trade more freely with the East; and there is simply not room for both British and German exports to expand within the restricted markets that are at present open. If the Russians are simply making a propagandist move designed to embroil us with the Americans by inducements to defy their embargo, there will be nothing doing. If they are prepared for a reasonable deal within the limits of what we can possibly undertake, there is every reason for trying to do a deal.

The Birching Bill

There is no rational argument for the Birching Bill which Wing-Commander Bullus is introducing on February 13. Those who most earnestly support the reintroduction of flogging have no reply to the conclusive facts and arguments by which the Home Office tries to resist panic and hysteria. So powerful is the case against flogging as a deterrent, and so comprehensive was the official inquiry which led to its abolition, that we do not fear the result of debate provided the Home Secretary is courageous enough firmly to withstand a popular clamour based, in reality, on nothing but a primitive instinct for retribution. In civilised countries penal legislation derives from the opposite theory that the justification for punishment is its effect in reducing crime and removing its causes. There is every reason to believe that flogging has the opposite effect.

Morrison on Parliament

Herbert Morrison's pamphlet, *Our Parliament and How It Works*, written for the Labour Party's new educational series, is remarkable for the fact that its author appears to be almost entirely satisfied with Parliament as it is. He does indeed say that something further may have to be done about the House of Lords, but only if it misuses its remaining powers, of which he makes little. With the monarchy as it is he is wholly content; but the extraordinary thing is that he seems to regard the relatively small changes made in parliamentary procedure after 1945 as having solved all the problems by securing a better utilisation of parliamentary time and thus rendered possible a larger output of controversial legislation. He hardly deals at all with the problem of delegated legislation, except to dismiss Lord Hewart's views and treat as adequate the present arrangements for dealing with statutory rules and orders. Nor does he mention at all the processes of extra-parliamentary discussion about projects of legislation with interested bodies—though these alone have made the process of law-making workable in face of the growing technical complexities. He rightly attacks P.R. as inconsistent with strong government; but he surely goes too far in suggesting that the back-bench M.P. gets an adequate chance of independent or constructive action. The descriptive part of his pamphlet is excellently done, and remarkably clear despite its brevity. But there is absolutely no attempt to face the formidable problems which an attempt to use Parliament for a real transition to a Socialist system would involve.

RUSSIA

The Pattern of the Purge

A Correspondent writes: The Soviet "spy" campaign has undergone some marked changes since the first announcement of the "doctors' plot" some four weeks ago; it has been intensified, but the emphasis has shifted. The fantasy of the charges against the doctors has, to some extent, been supplemented by semi-rational exhortations for greater vigilance.

A few days after the indictment of the "terroristic doctors" accusations of a different nature began to appear. On January 18, *Pravda* first announced that an official had been called to account for the disappearance of an important document from the Ministry of Non-Ferrous Metallurgy. Since then similar incidents have been publicised with increasing frequency. All these incidents are concerned with alleged leakages of secret information, and in every case the culprits have been described as a motley crowd of careless or morally corrupt loafers, boasters and prattlers who by their failings have assisted the many foreign spies and agents in the country. Among the institutions where, according to the Soviet press and radio, serious leakages occurred are the Ministries of the Oil Industry, of Transport Machine-Building, of Non-Ferrous Metallurgy, and of Geology, as well as the Leningrad Krylov Academy; other institutions such as the Ministry of Health, the State Bank, and the State Supply Administration have been publicly censured for their bad security arrangements. Statements accompanying these revelations have made

it clear that an almost continuous purge must have been going on for a long time without, or with only very little, publicity. A recent article in *Pravda*, for instance, mentioned incidentally that "a great number of spies, wreckers and assassins who had found their way into our country were unmasked and rendered harmless," and that several of these spies had stated in their evidence "that sometimes they had managed to receive secret information from persons who liked to boast of being well-informed."

Bourgeois Jews

These new appeals and denunciations supplement rather than replace the earlier campaign against Zionism and "bourgeois nationalist Jews" which continues unabated, though the Russians as well as the Poles and Czechs have, during the last few days, gone out of their way to explain that this campaign has nothing in common with anti-Semitism. A great deal of publicity has also been given to the formal presentation of the Stalin peace prize to Ilya Ehrenburg, who used the occasion to declare that every true citizen of the U.S.S.R. was "an enemy of racial or national discrimination." But if the anti-Jewish campaign is not the same as indiscriminate anti-Semitism—at least not in the intention of the Soviet rulers—it is, on the other hand, more than mere anti-Zionism. This emerges clearly from the fact that in nearly all the anti-Jewish outbursts the attack on Zionism has been coupled with an attack on "bourgeois Jewish nationalism" as a distinctly separate if equally heinous crime. Even more revealing have been the renewed attacks on the *Bund*—the outspokenly anti-Zionist organisation of Jewish Socialists—and on people said to have been in contact with the *Bund*. Such people, according to a recent article in the Soviet magazine *Communist*, had found their way into the Communist Party of the Leningrad region. Kozlov, the author of this article and the secretary of the Leningrad regional organisation, states that a number of "alien and foreign elements" who had contacts with "middle bourgeois nationalist counter-revolutionary parties such as the *Bund*" have been exposed and removed. This, as he also explained, was part of a process which, like the purges of the Thirties, had to free the Soviet Union of a foreign fifth column.

Nationalist Deviations

In other areas of the Soviet Union, attacks on Zionism and Jewish bourgeois nationalism have been coupled with attacks on other kinds of nationalism—especially Ukrainian and Lithuanian nationalism—and, at the same time, also with attacks on the old enemy "cosmopolitanism." The common denominator of all these many different crimes and defections seems to be their deviation from the rigid interpretation of Soviet patriotism which has become the preponderant trend of the post-war period. Old-fashioned internationalism—now branded as "cosmopolitanism"—is as incompatible with this new Soviet patriotism as any form of rival loyalty to another country, group, creed or ideology. There are many indications that the Soviet rulers have now become so obsessed with their new narrow concept of patriotism and its security requirements that it matters no longer whether a rival loyalty has actually asserted itself, as in the case of the Yugoslavs, or is merely a potential or wholly imaginary threat, as in the case of Jews who may have friends or relatives outside the Soviet orbit. If this interpretation is correct it is likely that there will be a certain number of "good" Jews—just as there were some "good" Germans and as there are today some "good" Yugoslavs—who will escape the present wave of persecution and may even receive special favours and promotion.

SOUTH AFRICA

Racial Repression

A Correspondent writes: With its Criminal Law Amendment Bill, now passing through the House of Assembly in Cape Town, the Nationalist Government brings to an end the last formal pretence of multi-racial democracy in the Union. Politics are to be legally and most deliberately reduced to the foundations they have had since Union in 1910—a grasping and sordid struggle for supremacy between the two White communities. Four-fifths of the population is to lose its last slender means of direct protest and self-protection.

The Bill is more than drastic. It is a work of thorough-going and ruthless suppression that is aimed primarily at the non-violent campaign of resistance to racial laws and regulations conducted by the non-White communities since the middle of last year, and secondarily at any and every attempt on the part of Whites to support and succour this campaign and its casualties. The campaign has surprised everyone—and even its friends—by its success and persistence. Originally, the non-White organisations called for 10,000 volunteers ready to offend against pass laws and other discriminatory regulations; and this target was widely regarded as wildly optimistic. In fact, no fewer than 8,000 Africans and Indians have volunteered to face arrest by a notoriously brutal police force, and punishment in the form of fines, imprisonment or lashing. The Government has not known how to deal with this: far from yielding to police provocation, these volunteers have observed a scrupulously non-violent behaviour, and suffered arrest with passivity.

Characteristically, the Government's reply is to repress. This the new Bill does with a vengeance. So widely drawn are its provisions, indeed, that it is difficult to see how any manifestation of sympathetic interest for African and Indian and Coloured interests—let alone an expression of support—can now be legal in South Africa. The Bill's definition of incitement—for which the penalties are extremely severe, going up to a fine of £500, five years' imprisonment, or 15 lashes—reads thus: "Any person who (a) in any manner whatever, advises, encourages, incites, commands, aids, or procures any other person or persons in general: or (b) uses any language or does any act or thing calculated to cause any person or persons in general to commit an offence by way of protest." Among many preventive provisions, the principle of opening letters is now made legal. Penalties for "protesting"—i.e., for taking any part whatsoever in the non-violent campaign against racial laws—go up to a fine of £300, three years' imprisonment, or 10 lashes.

It remains to be seen how far this Bill, when it becomes law, can be carried out. In so far as it will have an influence on the non-White communities, it seems calculated to strengthen the worst forms of extremism by penalising and making finally impossible any form of moderate and reasoned protest against racialism. This, indeed, may be one of the Government's objects: the provocative nature of police action before and during the serious rioting in Kimberley and elsewhere has already suggested that what the Government most fears is precisely the *non-violent* character of resistance. Once the Government can get Africans to *fight* back, then an armed and callous police force can do its worst.

Many Whites already see the danger of provoking non-White extremism. Many will feel themselves, after this Bill becomes law, still worse endangered in their property and their lives. If the United Party—which opposes the Bill—seizes its chance, it may yet rally moderate opinion effectively enough to win the General Election of next April, though the auguries are not hopeful.

WASHINGTON

Twentieth-century Republicanism

A Correspondent writes: President Eisenhower's first report on the State of the Union followed closely the pattern of his Inaugural Address: once again, there was an emphasis on foreign affairs unique in the record of Republican Presidents. This section, moreover, evoked a much warmer response from Congress than did his exposition of domestic policy. To many Republicans, especially the Taft wing of the party, it looks as though the new Administration no more intends to make a frontal attack on New Dealism than the British Tories have proved willing to dismantle the essentials of the Welfare State. It is true that there were tit-bits for the conservatives. Price, wage and commodity controls are to go at the end of April; rent controls are to be lifted progressively; "the natural workings of economic law" are to be aided by a "sound" fiscal policy—though the loyal farmers are still to be guaranteed "economic stability" whatever the natural laws may do. But, despite the slim hope of a balanced budget and tax reduction, there was a great deal in the speech that smacked as much of Roosevelt the Democrat as of the Republican Roosevelt to whom the President appealed as a precedent.

Social insurance—against which the G.O.P. fought stubbornly for twenty years—"should be promptly extended to cover millions of citizens . . . left out"; trade unionism—it is not yet two decades since the Wagner Act and the investigations of the La Follette Committee—must be regarded as "monuments of industrial freedom . . a century of honourable achievement behind them"; public works, the development of natural resources and river valleys, should be timed "to assist in levelling off the peaks and valleys of our economic life"—though such subversive Keynesian concepts were not so long ago the main target of Republican criticism. The President has even gone a long way towards Mr. Truman's position on tariff reduction, and called for extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements and for freer imports, thus jettisoning another cherished Republican tradition. So far as the Administration is concerned, at least, the Republican Party seems to be accepting Mr. Stevenson's invitation to join the Democrats in the twentieth century.

In this respect, the President's speech marks a great advance in domestic policy; some of the major assumptions of the New Deal have at last received the cachet of business approval—as many commentators predicted they would once the Republicans returned to office. But the emphasis is bound to be different. The McCarran Act and the Taft-Hartley Act may now be revised, but by no means as radically as Mr. Truman would have wished. There may be a new attack on segregation, but it will not be couched in such sweeping terms as the late President's Civil Rights Programme. For it is by no means certain that Mr. Eisenhower's party in Congress will go nearly so far as the President has gone in accepting liberal concepts. By asking less of Congress, of course, he may get more than Mr. Truman did; but he is unlikely to get all that he asks. For the moment, Senator Taft will bide his time; yet he and his colleagues in Congress are not the men to allow even "their own" President to become master of Congress without a struggle. There are still many Republicans who, in Mr. Stevenson's phrase, "have to be carried screaming and kicking into the twentieth century."

The Attack on the W.E.A.

WHATEVER the Minister may think, Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, her Parliamentary Secretary, will be a happy man when the announcement is made that the Government has decided to cut the grant for adult education. He has never disguised his dislike and fear of adult education. Indeed, this cut can be regarded as his birthday present to the Workers' Education Association, which this year is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

This is not to say that Mr. Butler can be acquitted of the final responsibility for the cut. The Chancellor has acquired a reputation as an educationalist. Not only was he the architect of the 1944 Education Act; during his years in Opposition he served as the director of Courtaulds specially concerned with the adult education among his workers. Yet as soon as he reached the Treasury preparations began for the attack upon the W.E.A. Last April the Universities Council for Adult Education and representatives of the W.E.A. were summoned to the Ministry and informed that a substantial cut in their grant had only just been averted. On that occasion the Ministry's representatives took credit for the fact that the grant for 1952/53 would be stabilised on the previous year's level, though they frankly admitted that with rising costs this would really represent a cut in expenditure on adult education. Presented with this news, the W.E.A.—unwisely in our opinion—decided not to fight. The stabilisation was accepted without protest in the hope that the Minister would be persuaded to maintain it over a period of years.

This hope has been disappointed. Having got away with its first foray, the Ministry has now informed the "responsible bodies" of a second blow. We hear that it first intended a cut of 25 per cent. As a generous concession this is now to be reduced to ten per cent. For the first time since the panic economy measures of 1932, a British Government has decided that it cannot afford the paltry sum which is annually allocated to the adult student.

One of the healthiest features of our national life has been the steady development of adult education since the late thirties. In the decade between 1938 and 1948, the number of students in tutorial classes and one-year courses increased by 27 per cent., and of those engaged in shorter courses by no less than 110 per cent. This expansion has only been possible owing to the active encouragement of the Ministry and support of the Universities. The early missionary work of the W.E.A. has been consolidated by the appointment of full-time tutors in many areas who have been able to undertake the organisational work necessary to break new ground. Residential centres have also been established which render possible not merely the multiplication of week-end schools and short courses but of small seminars working on University lines. But full-time tutors are expensive—on the average, each costs £1,000 a year—and the new residential centres cannot be maintained by the local authorities if the Government grant is cut. Most of the existing classes and courses and summer schools may be able to continue after next September when the cut comes into force. But the effort to increase the tiny number of citizens who at present take advantage of the facilities offered will be brought to a full stop.

Miss Horsbrugh will no doubt justify her action by pointing to the fact that since 1949 there has been a slight but appreciable drop in the number of students enrolled. Since there has been a decrease in the demand for adult education, she will argue, the Ministry is justified in reducing the supply, particularly at a time when defence and the export drive must be given first priority.

This argument will sound convincing enough to those who believe that adult education is a luxury commodity provided by a kindly State to the few thousands who care to keep their minds alive after they leave school. In reality, of course, the creation of an active minority of thinking citizens is not a luxury but one of the essential features of democracy. The achievement of the movement launched by Albert Mansbridge, R. H. Tawney, and William Temple in the first decade of this century has been small in comparison with the vast mass of unthinking electors. But the pioneers of adult education rightly realised that what was needed was not quantity but quality. Democracy will always depend for its vitality on a small minority of active democrats, just as science and the arts are sustained not by the indifference of the millions, but by the enthusiasm of the few. The W.E.A.—strongly supported in this respect by the Universities—has always refused to popularise itself either by providing "useful" vocational courses or by lowering its academic standards. It has proved triumphantly that tens of thousands of men and women, meeting voluntarily in the evenings, and choosing for themselves their subject and their tutor, can do work in politics and economics, in the sciences and in literature, of sound university standard. In so doing, it has made a direct contribution to the health of democracy by organising a voluntary association of active citizens who realise that democracy means something more than voting at election time.

No one, least of all in the W.E.A., would pretend that it has been wholly successful. In some areas, it has shown signs of becoming prim, and even a little ashamed of its working-class origins. In others, the substitution of the whole-time professional for the part-time voluntary tutor has sapped its crusading impetus. There are many things to criticise in adult education today, and those who care about it should be seriously perturbed by the drop in enrolments to which we have referred. But such criticisms provide no justification whatsoever for the Government's decision to prevent any further development by cutting the grant. If the demand for adult education is falling off, Miss Horsbrugh's plain duty is to stimulate its revival by every means in her power.

Yet this deplorable decision may be a blessing in disguise. Middle age brings with it not only an increased sense of responsibility but a slackening of muscle. This cut will test whether the W.E.A. on its 50th birthday is still a genuine movement ready to fight for its principles and its life or whether it has become a harmless institution purveying intellectual improvement. There is no doubt how Albert Mansbridge and William Temple would have handled a Government which dared to announce that it could no longer afford to pay for the development of adult education. They would have led the W.E.A. into the fray and lashed an indifferent public into action. If their spirit is still alive in 1953, this is just what their successors will do.

"The Floods Lift Up Their Waves"

IN most English churches last Sunday morning they read the first chapter of Genesis: "... The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep ... And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called the Seas: and God saw that it was good."

The words fell strangely on the ears of many congregations on the east coast of England—congregations even sparser than usual because their members were busy rescuing cattle from drowning or moving the living-room furniture upstairs; or because there is, after all, no obligation on even the most devout to go to church if they have to swim there.

I have walked many hundreds of times "round the sea-wall," as we say—meaning along the track on top of the sea-wall that bounds two sides of our parish, separating the rich pasture and corn lands of the marsh farms from the half-seascape saltings and estuary so well described by Baring-Gould in that remarkable Victorian novel, *Mehalah:*

> ... a wide waste of debatable ground contested by sea and land ... At high tide the appearance is that of a vast surface of moss or sargasso weed floating on the sea, with rents and patches of shining water traversing and dappling it in all directions. The creeks, some of considerable length and breadth, extend many miles inland ... At noon-tides, and especially at the equinoxes, the sea asserts its royalty over this vast region ...
>
> A more desolate region can scarce be conceived, and yet it is not without beauty. In summer, the thrift mantles the marshes with shot satin ... Thereafter, a purple glow steals over the waste, as the sea lavender bursts into flower ... At all times the marshes are haunted with sea mews and roysten crows, in winter they teem with wild duck and grey geese.

This esturial sea-landscape is still as desolate and as beautiful as it was when Baring-Gould was Rector of East Mersea back in the '70s—and as little-known to townsmen who seek the more obvious beauties of Devon or the Sussex Downs. "How can grass grow there, then?" exclaimed a young R.A.F. officer supervising repair work on the wall, pointing to all this varied sea-vegetation, when I told him that it was often under water. (But his skill in navigation was useful to me: one of the minor consequences of the East Coast disaster is the inversion of familiar prospects; even on a part of the coast that you know well, you constantly have to look at the map to see where you are.)

Many a time in the last year or two I have watched the men of the River Board (late the Catchment Board) at work on this wall, building it up higher and broader, facing it with concrete slabs. One cannot yet generalise when there have been hundreds of breaches in the sea-walls of one county alone; but where I have looked at them this week, most of the breaches have been at points where the work is new. Much has been done since the "scare" of March 1, 1949, when

the tide was as high as its previous (1897) record height. (Last Saturday night it was 1ft 9in higher still.) If you stand on the edge of a minor breach, where a few feet of earth have crumbled away, you see that the soil has begun to crumble from a level at which it is still blackened by fire—where the grass was burned off the old wall before the new soil was added. The locals, always critical of work directed from so remote and alien a centre as Chelmsford, say that the new-fangled mechanisation of this simple old job means that it is, in a sense, scamped: when they did it by hand, and by stamping with the feet, they used to "punner it all down tight." Certainly the new work seems to take longer to set properly.

It may be argued—and the spokesmen of the Boards can point, in extenuation, to the sad like fate of the Dutch, the world's most expert sea-defence-makers—that no sea-wall that could reasonably have been built would have withstood last Saturday night's assault. It was the wind "in cursèd quarter"—north-west—that whipped up the abnormally high tide so that great waves simply leaped and streamed over the wall's top and then danced and pounded at it *from behind* as well as from before: the ragged holes torn in the wall are mostly on its inside.

How much expenditure on such defences is reasonable depends on how high a value is set on the food produced on these fertile farms (and on the lives lost in the bungalow cities which sprang up, before town and country planning, on coastal estates obviously not ideal for urban development). If the first estimate of quarter-of-a-million acres inundated is correct, the value of the food, over the years, must surely be immense. There should, perhaps, be more cross-walls inside the main sea-wall, to contain water when the main wall has been breached. More powerful pumping machinery is still needed in many places. Despite the work done as I have already described, the tempo has been leisurely in the last year or two: the Ministry's "ceiling" for the Essex Board in 1953—and look on the map at the long, serrated coast-line of Essex, with its three hundred miles of sea-wall—is £250,000; this Board's regular labour-force is only 500.

Labour is a real problem. The minimum wage works out at less than £6 a week—slightly higher than the agricultural minimum, but the work is exceptionally cold, dirty, monotonous, and unattractive except to a few old-timers in whose families there has been a tradition of doing it. Some European D.P.s were brought in. It is hard to know where the Board could find large numbers of extra men quickly for work such as this, mostly far from large towns, unless pay were put up so high that workers would be attracted out of agriculture, which is not to be desired. It seems worth consulting the Unions about the employment for a limited period—say three years—of a special task-force of Servicemen.

For, at the moment, the Army and the R.A.F. have taken over the coast, and are co-operating pretty effectively with the Board's engineers and workmen and with farmers and farm-workers whose livelihood is hidden by sheets of grey water. (Apart from the major tragedy of the loss of life, it is most tragic, too, to hear a farmer say, quite simply, "It's sad when you see the water all over your beautiful crops that you toiled for in the autumn . . . they were just coming up nicely".)

The speed of Service co-operation is due to a Ministerial directive issued in 1947. It was then decided that detailed arrangements for such emergencies should be made between the Boards and the Service departments. An R.A.F. liaison officer was installed at the Essex Board's headquarters late on Saturday night. Early on Monday morning a thousand airmen started first-aid repairs, filling sandbags with the thick mud, stacking them in the gaps. They are working nearly twelve hours a day, dossing down in drill-halls. Bouncing, bucking Bren-carriers take them along narrow causeways out into the flood, to small boats that relay them across to the wall. One young airman said: "It's my first time overseas." "It's like the war all over again," say the village pub-keepers, their bars full of the R.A.F., and the Devons from Colchester, and visiting engineers.

The job is urgent: first to get the gaps closed, then to get the water out—by pumping, by outfalls, by "controlled cuts," with men standing by. For the really dangerous high tides may be from the 15th to the 19th of this month. If there are gales on those nights, no warning will be needed to keep the coast people alert. There is much complaint that there was so little public warning of last Saturday's danger: thousands of reasonably intelligent people went to bed, to be woken in the small hours by water lapping their pillows.

It is "like the war all over again" not only because of the troops, but because of the spirit of comradeship and hospitality among the thousands of voluntary workers who have "mucked in"—the hotel-keepers and yachtsmen at Burnham-on-Crouch who have looked after evacuees from Foulness and cooked meals day and night, the boat-builders who have crossed to the stricken islands dozens of times every twenty-four hours bringing off boat-loads of the homeless, the ladies who have made the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club a model rest-centre. (In their desolation, the evacuated "old dears" are comforted by being already known by name, and by the unwonted luxury of a cup of tea in bed.)

As in all emergencies, too, the tragedy is lightened by quaint and comic incidents: an old couple, belonging to the strict sect known as Peculiar People, refused to have their furniture moved on a Sunday; a doctor's wife swam in her evening-dress to rescue the old sow, couldn't find her, and then, when day came, saw her sitting patiently on top of the rockery; a coal-merchant complains that the water went all through his nutty slack "and only left the lumps"!

The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly: the spirit of man prevails. But there will have to be a searching inquest, and bold decisions and wise planning for the future.

Bradwell-on-Sea. TOM DRIBERG

London Diary

As far as the scientists are concerned, the floods are still an Act of God. The meteorologists still do not know how that due-North wind developed. They can tell us that there must have been a difference in temperature—a cold system to the East and a warmer system to the West, but that merely prompts the further question of how these systems developed. "If we could provide all the answers simultaneously," said a meteorological friend, "we could say 'Look out! The Nor' Wester's going to become North.' We know what that means once it has taken the direction: the wind, blowing straight down the North Sea in conjunction with high tides, just piles up the water, because the bottle-neck of the Channel is like a choked waste-pipe."

That was what happened when London was flooded in 1928 and again last week-end—only more so, because the North wind reached 125 miles an hour, fifty miles greater than hurricane force.

* * *

Just how little we know and how dangerous that little knowledge is has been pointed out by the Government's Hydraulic Research Station. The coastal defences which we have are probably worsening what they are supposed to cure. The groynes constructed to prevent erosion in one place will probably destroy the adjoining coast because it changes the sweep of the waves. The sea-walls which resorts construct to protect their promenades are likely to wreak havoc to the lee-ward coast before the walls themselves become undermined. In the normal way, the waves roll up the foreshore, spend their energy and retreat but a sea-wall takes the full charge and the waves recoil violently to scour away the beaches and sandbars. The turbulence under the wall itself will presently shake the foundations. So localities competing for their own protection expose their neighbours and themselves.

Only recently have we been approaching the scientific research on which a national plan of coastal defence might be based. And it is ironical that this sea-girt nation did not really begin to understand what waves and their behaviour meant until we had to plan the landings in Normandy. What the scientists discovered then was a revelation and the man who became the leading authority was Professor J. D. Bernal, then the backroom boy of Combined Operations.

* * *

Terrible though the loss of life and the damage to property is on the East Coast, our own tragedy is not in any way parallel to that of Holland. Every Dutch child grows up to think of a break in the dykes as the ultimate horror. I remember flying over the Scheldt estuary just after the war, and a little later watching workmen and volunteers from many countries gradually draining the land and resurrecting Walcheren and other islands. Now they are all gone again, and with them something like one-sixth of the whole soil of Holland—soil that had gradually been won from the sea by centuries of brave and persevering Dutchmen. Desperately hard-worked armies of men and women cannot now do more at best than prevent even greater loss during the next critical week. Dutch friends of mine who have been listening to the radio from Holland tell me that all other programmes have been suspended and that the entire time is taken in making appeals for different areas, giving instructions, and reporting often unbearably dramatic stories. Here is indeed a case for the utmost effort of international co-operation.

* * *

In the fascinating records of the Soviet-Yugoslav quarrel which have been appearing in the *Sunday Times* (extracts from *Tito Speaks*, soon to be published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson) I read the following verbatim remarks by Stalin:

> It is true, we also have made mistakes. For instance, we invited the Chinese comrades to come to Moscow and we discussed the situation in China. We told them bluntly that we considered the development of the uprising in China had no prospects, that the Chinese comrades should seek a *modus vivendi* with Chiang Kai-shek, and that they should join the Chiang Kai-shek government and dissolve their army. The Chinese comrades agreed here in Moscow with the views of the Soviet comrades, but went back to China and acted quite otherwise. They mustered their forces, organised their armies and now, as we see, they are beating Chiang Kai-shek's army. Now, in the case of China, we admit we were wrong.

This is a most instructive passage. It should be pondered by Stalinists and by the State Department. The Foreign Office will read it with satisfaction, and I am glad that I have at last first-hand authority to support the statement made in this journal long ago, and much derided since, that the victory of the Chinese Communists was won, not with the aid of Moscow, but in spite of its opposition.

* * *

Mr. Michael Blundell recently wrote in our correspondence columns that in 27 years resi-

dence in Kenya he had never heard any discussion about whether women should flog Africans, nor known "of a single case of this nature." This remark has brought me an astonished comment from another European in East Africa. Can Mr. Blundell really have forgotten the notorious case in 1934, when a European woman was convicted of manslaughter for directing the flogging of an African who died as a result? I have now looked it up in *The Times*. The short story is that this European woman, who believed that some Africans had stolen cowbells from her husband's farm in Kitale, had them held down and beaten by her house-boy. One of the beaten men died in hospital on June 25, 1934. The woman was sentenced on September 28 to twelve months imprisonment. According to reports, she spent six months of the sentence in a Nairobi hospital, after which she was set free by the Governor. The Attorney-General, to quote *The Times*, complained that throughout the case attempts were made to justify the view "that the farmers of Kenya were entitled to take the law into their own hands." That the old-fashioned type of settlers have always considered they have a right to do so when it comes to flogging Africans is notorious. Most of us have kept silent about this disgraceful business in recent years, because we hoped that the practice was dying. The compelling reason for raising it now is the pretence, persistently spread abroad, particularly from Kitale, that settlers have treated Africans fairly and even benevolently. The trouble in East Africa is, at bottom, nothing but that the Kikuyu are the first Kenya tribe in recent years seriously to revolt against conditions which have often been worse than feudal.

* * *

It is pleasant to record some good news from Africa. And the outcome of the labour dispute between the African mining union and the copper companies in Northern Rhodesia is excellent news. Last October, the African miners, who have a strong union formed during Arthur Creech-Jones's time at the Colonial Office, had asked for an increase of 2s. 8d. a shift for all workers. The companies replied with an offer of about one penny a shift. After the threat of a general stoppage of work by the African mining force, and resumed but abortive negotiations, it was decided to seek arbitration by someone from the United Kingdom. Mr. C. W. Guillebaud, a Cambridge economist of long experience in the wages field, went out as arbitrator and has made an award—accepted by both parties—of increases varying between 1s. 2d. and 1s. 8d. a shift. This means a relatively huge increase for the majority of African workers. But it also suggests that racial peace and social goodwill can be engendered in Africa, to the manifest advantage of both sides, wherever methods of reason are applied. The African mining union comes out of this affair with considerable credit; and, altogether, this dispute and its wage award show that the lessons of the industrial revolution, wherever White men are willing to learn them and profit from them in Africa, hold out the only real hope of achieving racial partnership.

* * *

If anything happens to me, as the popular euphemism has it, you will know the reason. I have received a note which is a link in a "chain of good luck." The chain was started, they say, by a French officer of General de Gaulle, and is now on its way round the world. One private soldier in the Philippines won a first prize in a sweepstake, and Mr. Roosevelt was elected President shortly after carrying out the instructions, while two gentlemen, who refused to do so, died almost immediately. The instructions are to add my name to the list and to post copies of it on to further friends. The question is, who starts such jokes and why. There seems no profit in it for anyone, or is one to suppose that the stunt is initiated by the Postmaster-General or the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

CRITIC

PIOUS FRAUD

"Hence, lewd, deluding plays!
Old safeguards of our Sabbath sanctified,
Shall not be set aside,
Nor Britain copy Continental ways!"
So, with fanatic fire,
The Sabbatarians enjoined the State
To keep inviolate
The Lord's Day; and the House with conscience free,
A huge majority
Announced, supported by the full Welsh Choir.
M.P.s acclaimed the righteous vote
With holy and with cheerful note,
Such as might well have shown assent
In Praise-God-Barebones' Parliament,
While loud thanksgiving, far and near,
Rejoiced the Sabbatarian ear.
"Thank God!" intoned the brewers good,
"Thank God" sang holy Hollywood.
But while M.P.s, exultant, kill
The Sabbath Day Observance Bill,
They all ignore, with pious speech,
The legalised existing breach,
And while a holy war they wage
Against temptations of the stage,
View with complacency serene
The gilded cesspool of the screen.
The theatre, banned by Sunday laws,
The cinema the millions draws,
Where minors, shunning goodly books,
Exploits enjoy of thugs and crooks,
Where youth may learn without offence
Adultery and concupiscence.
The cheer that ended this debate
Astounded angels at heaven's gate,
And even sinning mortals ask,
As Sabbath-keepers end their task,
How well the Lord's Day is observed,
While Mammon legally is served.
The Sabbath-keeping Treasury lacks
No Sunday entertainment tax,
And while such offerings accrue,
(Profaning Inland Revenue)
Will not the State and Commons be
Damned for their gross hypocrisy?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Sir James Turner gave an assurance that the Farmers' Union are not in principle opposed to the complex operation of turning over from controls to a free economy, but it will take some time to work out the best way of obtaining guaranteed markets and assured prices under the new system. —*Daily Telegraph*. (R. S. Hutson.)

A child who has no wish to worship need not worship to avoid punishment; he can, through his parents, invoke section 25 (4) of the Act.—Letter in *The Times*. (S. Reed.)

Speaking to the National Assembly of Women at Stockton on Saturday, Mrs. Monica Felton told members that the dark tailored jacket she was wearing was part of a "uniform" worn by Chinese men and women to promote equality.

"In England I wear a skirt because I think trousers might give the wrong political impression," she said.—*Middlesbrough Evening Gazette*. (N. Helm.)

On the same bus as myself was a schoolboy, whose head had become stuck in a vase. His mother was rushing him off to hospital. Presumably to avoid attracting attention she had placed her son's school cap on top of the vase.—Letter in *John Bull*. (H. A. Fraser.)

London's New Towns

YEAR ago this was a bleak Hertfordshire hillside across which the contractor had drawn a pattern of curving roads, like a child drawing in concrete on a vast green canvas. Now houses line the roads, and each day the moving vans crawl up out of the valley, past the mud piles, the brick stacks and the scaffolding; the Bennett's End neighbourhood of the New Town of Hemel Hempstead is becoming a community. For the newcomers, life is much as it was for the Veneerings in *Our Mutual Friend*. Everything is bran-new: houses, shops, factories, much of the furniture; bran-new babies and—though not yet enough—bran-new schools. There are bran-new friends, and bran-new social problems, too. Just the other week, the bran-new Community Association, meeting in the prefabricated hut that is being used as a temporary hall, called the parents together to demand a school bus for the children who, until the bran-new school in Bennett's End is completed, must make a rather hazardous journey across the building sites and down a narrow road that teems with heavy trucks.

A mile away, in the Adeyfield neighbourhood that is now almost finished, the social contract has been sealed for a year or more; the enthusiasts of the Gardens and Allotments Association have seen the seasons round; more than twenty social and religious groups meet regularly; and two of the newcomers already sit as Labour members of the Borough Council. The New Town, in short, is beginning to take shape.

The same is true in Stevenage, and in Harlow and Crawley. Out at Basildon, where the Development Corporation has had to cope with a site on which scattered and somewhat scruffy pre-war housing has made planning difficult, the largest of the new projects is at last beginning to move. Hatfield and Welwyn—designated to ensure properly controlled expansion—are more modest developments, while Bracknell, the last of London's eight "satellites" to be established under the New Towns Act, has begun to pass from planning into the construction stage.

Leaving aside the five other New Towns, and taking only those designed to provide living room for 340,000 "surplus" Londoners, the statistics show the progress that has been made. By the end of last year, 7,600 houses had been built, and another 8,500 were actually under construction. More than eighty new shops were open, thirteen schools were completed, and nearly a hundred miles of new roads had been built. At the same time, 1,250,000 sq. ft. of factory space had been provided. So far, the eight Development Corporations have spent a total of £37 millions, of which nearly half is accounted for by housing. The remainder has been absorbed by new sewerage and drainage schemes—costly work, which is unavoidable, but brings in no revenue—and by other overhead charges.

It is difficult to generalise about these eight towns, for each has its own problems; while Harlow will be completely new, Hemel, Crawley and Stevenage are being built round the nucleus of a small country town; Welwyn, Hatfield and Bracknell are extensions of a different kind. In Hemel, where the first neighbourhood to be built was some distance from the straggling town centre, there has been much publicity—some of it hostile—about the difficulty of marrying the new population to the old, and the process was hindered in its critical phase by the rather obvious resentment of many old residents and property-

owners against the newcomers. Stevenage, once the scene of the "Silkingrad" battle, was held up by last-ditch litigation, but the original community now seems to have decided to make the best of the change, and to assimilate the new arrivals. Certainly, there is a genuine effort on both sides there to talk and think of "Stevenage," rather than of the "Old Town" and the "New Town." Where an existing town is being rapidly extended, there is bound to be some friction, but at least there are shops, cinemas, some kinds of community life. Harlow, rising in the Essex fields, has had no clash between old and new, but it has been much more of a pioneering experience for the first few hundred families, who had no social facilities save those provided by the Corporation, and nothing to do save what they organised for themselves. It was only last year that the temporary conversion of a standard factory gave Harlow its first cinema.

There were two good reasons for establishing these New Towns. The first, as Lord Beveridge recently pointed out, was an attempt to stop at the eleventh hour, the "endless growth of cities and the unplanned use of land": too many of the four million houses built between the wars were erected in the wrong places. The second was to ensure that people were not just dumped in vast housing estates, lacking proper social amenities, and perhaps taken a long way from their old work-places or to areas which could not offer enough work of the right kind. In planning New Towns, it was thought as important to provide social amenities and secure an industrial balance as merely to build houses.

Yet both these objectives have proved harder to accomplish than was foreseen in 1947, for both have suffered from economic stringency and from rearmament. The reduction in capital investment has not only affected the school building programme; it has also made it almost impossible to secure funds and licences for such essential amenities as community and health centres, and forced the Corporations to concentrate upon housing rather than "social" building. Moreover, the rise in construction costs and in the rate of interest has emphasised this bias, for the Corporations have no other source of revenue than their rents. Their houses must be let at the economic rent, less the housing subsidy, and cannot yield any surplus. That should be provided by the rents for industrial and commercial premises, which must cover general development expenditure as well as any deficit on current account for such services as sewerage and landscaping. And if there is no surplus, if local organisations do not have the funds to pay for amenity buildings they need—as the Church of England is paying for St. Barnabas Church in Adeyfield—they are unlikely to be built by Corporations whose finances leave no margin under present conditions. The Ministry of Education cannot contribute more than one-third of construction costs for community buildings, even if its hard-pressed budget permitted such "extravagance," and the local authorities cannot do more than help with maintenance expenses.

Though demand for industrial sites in the New Towns is quite good, it is not possible to raise the rents sufficiently to secure the needed surplus. For rising costs are felt here too. A factory that cost £400,000 to build in 1948 would now cost £500,000; the increased interest rate means that it would have to carry an annual charge of £21,500 instead of £12,000. Any board of directors thinks twice when it sees such figures in a memorandum. Yet the real demand for sites—and there is one, despite the difficulties that some of the New Towns have encountered in seeking to attract industry—is further reduced by rearmament priorities. The present tendency is to give construction licences to firms with defence contracts, and to refuse those whose product has no priority. This means that there is far more emphasis on the various branches of engineering than is good for the industrial balance of the New Towns; they need diversity—food products, plastics, and a fair selection of firms producing consumer goods. Part of the trouble here, moreover, is due to the complex control of industrial location; there is a lack of co-ordination between the Departments concerned over building licences and location certificates, and there has been no attempt to give the New Towns a definite quota of the capital investment programme.

Yet the Corporation officials, who are very well aware of these social and industrial problems, are at present most concerned about the rents they must charge their domestic tenants—as the last annual reports strongly emphasised. At the 1948 level of costs, there was a prospect that the Corporations would be able to pay their way; at present rates, they face serious losses, despite the economies they are now being forced to make. Unlike local authorities, they are subject to the Rent Restriction Acts; they have only new houses, and cannot therefore spread their rising costs over old and new property; they receive no subsidy from the rates; and they have no other heads of expenditure to whose account they can charge such costs as roads and open spaces. The increase in the Treasury subsidy, moreover, has not offset last year's rise in interest rates. The New Town tenant is thus paying more than the typical Council tenant for a comparable house.

If costs continue to rise, some special provision will have to be made for New Towns, though there is no general agreement what form this should take. But in assessing their cost, it is important not to take too narrow and too financial a view. They offer great social benefits that do not show in balance sheets; and there are also economies that are apparent only by comparison. It has been estimated, for example, that the provision of 10,000 flats in London, subsidised by the L.C.C. from the rates, would cost from ten to fifteen million pounds more than equivalent accommodation in New Town houses; on this basis alone, New Towns are a justifiable expense.

The fourth problem that is now emerging is the population "bulge." Most of the newcomers are young couples, some with two, three and four children. It is thought that the number of children of school age in the New Towns is about three times the national average—which itself shows a post-war "bulge." This means that for the next fifteen years there will be abnormally heavy demands for school places; that in about ten years, there will be an unusually large number of juveniles looking for employment; and that, within twenty years, there will be a demand for new homes from these children as they reach marrying age. The last two aspects of this problem must be left for the future to tackle, for they are less urgent. But the Corporations and the county authorities cannot ignore the school problem, which is already pressing in Hemel, Crawley and Stevenage. Should they try, in a period when school-building has already been cut back, to make special provision for the New Towns, even at the expense of the old county ratepayers? Or should they submit to serious overcrowding in the fine new schools that are going up, and endure it so long as the bulge lasts, or so long as the Government puts its housing target before education? Like the question of amenity buildings, or industrial balance, or rents, this is really beyond the control of the Corporations and the County Councils. It is a matter for Whitehall and Westminster.

We seem, in fact, to have reached the point where we can and must review New Town policy. Not, to be sure, with a view to imposing further handicaps and restrictions. On the contrary, the difficulties that this fine and necessary experiment in planning is now facing are due to the change in conditions since it was first launched. We must discover how policy may be adapted to meet these new conditions, so that the New Towns may not bear, for the rest of their life, the marks of early malnutrition.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

France After Dulles

NOT for a long time had I met anybody quite so depressed as my old friend L. who, hoping against hope, is today busy organising a thing called "Fighting Democracy"—a movement which, so far, has found expression only in the issue of the first number of a monthly magazine. "*Free World*," he said. "What, I ask you, is left of this *Free World*? France, Britain, and a few other little bits of Western Europe, *et après*? In America, Abe Feller and several other friends of mine have committed suicide; then there's the Soviet Bloc—need one say anything about that? And then there's Asia and Africa—and there's not much there for either England or France to be proud of. Malaya, Indo-China, Kenya, North Africa, South Africa—not so good, is it? More and more, as the weeks go by, one feels that France is becoming one of the last little islands of the world where man can still breathe freely—even though, here too, we are sometimes troubled by bad dreams about Arabs and Negroes. . . ."

Though he was putting it a little crudely, I think my friend L. was expressing a feeling that is very, very widespread in France, especially amongst thinking Frenchmen. What hasn't happened in these first weeks of A.D. 1953 to stimulate some gloomy thoughts! The British authorities in Germany arrested a bunch of Nazi ringleaders, and Mr. Eden made no secret of his nervousness at all the numerous signs of a Hitlerian *Auferstehung* in Germany; and when he said that Britain would have as little to do as possible with the European Army, was he not implying (so at least French commentators thought) that, with Germany in her present mood, this Army mightn't be such a bulwark of democracy as one had liked to imagine?

"Just at a time when Britain has washed her hands of the European Army," *Combat* wrote, "our Government can think of nothing better than to table before the National Assembly the Bill for the ratification of the Bonn and Paris agreements!" But *Combat* wrote that a few days before Foster Dulles's speech. And since that speech, the mood in France has perceptibly stiffened. In the last few weeks there has been a growing loss of faith in European federalism and in the European Army. The British attitude has much to do with it; so also has the cheerful discovery made by the American authorities in Germany that 40 per cent of the people of Western Germany are pro-Nazi; and, last but not least, there has been the psychological effect in France of the nightmarish trial at Bordeaux of a handful of Germans and Alsatians who took part in the massacre of 620 men, women and children of the village of Oradour near Limoges in 1944. Most of the killers were not in the dock; they are freely running about Western Germany, and are perhaps grooming themselves to be the comrades of French soldiers of the European Army—until such time as they become members of an independent Wehrmacht, when they may come back to Oradour-sur-Glane,

perhaps with Moscow's blessing. . . . For one of the interpretations given here to the anti-Jewish drive in Russia is that Russia may well have decided to back that most dynamic and also most cynical part of Germany, the extreme Right and the Nazis—who are once again rapidly gaining ground in Germany.

And France? Last week the National Assembly passed the war budget by a large majority; it was the highest ever—£1,450 millions. M. Christian Pineau, the (Socialist) *rapporteur* of the military budget, pointed out that this total amounted to 10 per cent of France's national income, a proportion similar to that spent by Britain, but larger than that of any other European member of the Atlantic Pact. American aid, including off-shore purchases, was estimated at £173 millions—but, there being no certainty at all of how much would actually be received this year, various budget items were marked "conditional." It appeared that in the case of Indo-China, the United States was expected, in 1953, to pay nearly one-half of the cost of the war there (about £260m. as against France's own £290m.). But the fact remained that with 215,000 of France's best troops in Vietnam, the formation of a powerful French army in Europe—which would prevent the European Army from being more or less monopolised by Germans before long—continued to be highly problematical. Much had, of course, been done "towards" carrying out the Lisbon programme of last February, but even M. Pleven hesitated to claim that everything had been done. And he added, a little wistfully:

> The real trouble is . . . that most countries, including ours, have now reached the last limit of military expenditure, and that this cannot be increased any further without a substantial increase in the national income. But this cannot be decided by individual countries, since it can only be brought about by a change in economic policy on a world scale.

It was just about the time of these discussions on military expenditure that *Life* Magazine came out with a terrific blast calling French politics a "bedroom farce" and France herself a whore only waiting to stick billion-dollar bills down her stocking. Wham! François Mauriac protested, the *Monde* protested, the French Embassy in Washington protested. Joan of Arc, and the Marne, and Verdun, and the French Resistance in the last war were (quite rightly) invoked. Then, on top of this came the Dulles speech. It provoked a very sharp reaction on all sides—except for a few Right-wing papers whose line, in effect, was: "Okay but you'll have to pay more for Indo-China." French opinion watched Britain with particular interest; when it became clear that Britain was not responding favourably to the attempt to drive her into a European pact, the French reaction to Dulles became even more unfavourable. If, indeed, Britain were to join up with the Continent, then France would be more disposed to subscribe to the rearmament of Germany; but as this was not the case, Dulles was demanding a lot, and offering nothing in return.

As the *Monde* said last week:

> Coming on top of the insulting *Life* editorial, did Mr. Dulles expect that we would give way to his brutal manner? We have good reason to doubt it. M. René Mayer will not embark on the ratification debate before the question of the Saar statute is settled; and a large part of Parliament is, more than ever, determined not to ratify the E.D.C., whatever may be contained in the additional protocols, without Britain's organic participation; and London, as we know, is not in a habit of giving way to such bullying tactics as Mr. Dulles's.

"And after all," it went on, "*who* wants to rearm Germany? The Americans do; but we don't, and after what has happened in Germany in the last few weeks, we are going to be doubly cautious." What then, it is asked, are Dulles's alternatives? What is going to be the outcome of his "re-thinking"? Two possibilities present themselves—peripheral strategy, dear to the heart of Senator Taft—and the Wehrmacht. If peripheral strategy means that American bombers will be available to check a Russian invasion of Europe, many Frenchmen would much prefer this solution—unfamiliar though it still seems for the present—to a reconstitution of the Wehrmacht . . . either independently, or even as part of the "European Army" in which Britain would not be included. And if, as *Franc-Tireur* suggests, France has to do without dollars in future—well, then she can—by pulling out of Indo-China.

And yet it would be rash to prophesy that the French Government, hard pressed for money and threatened with inflation and devaluation, is prepared to follow any bold new line. It looks as if France were entering a period of hard bargaining, full of threats, insults, and a lot of bullying and blackmailing. It looks as if the Foster Dulles manner had already deprived the "Free World" of what façade of unity, decency and dignity it still had.

> France [as *Combat* puts it] which is being offered nothing, and is, on the contrary, being asked to give up everything—perhaps even her honour and her life—is told to subscribe to the rearmament of Germany, and to become more and more "integrated," so that she may be finally robbed of what is left of her freedom, even after three years of servility.

For there still is in France a deep sense of freedom. There is still a livelier intellectual life here than anywhere else in the world, and seldom does the Government get away with anything without, sooner or later, being challenged, sometimes from even the most unexpected quarters. For the intellectuals of France have a quick brain and a lively conscience. Take the example of Casablanca. Good Catholics like François Mauriac and others who claim that 1,200 people were butchered there last December have not been put off by all the official statements to the effect that 38 people only were killed. They feel that what is going on in North Africa is not worthy of France, and they have little patience with censorship and other "iron curtains." With Mauriac leading the way, they will probably get an inquiry in the end. Whatever may be the Government's temptation to yield to Mr. Dulles, it may be safely foretold that the tougher his manner, the stronger will be French resistance. French psychology is not as simple as *Life* Magazine imagines.

Paris, February. ALEXANDER WERTH

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Without Apologies

THE first guests to arrive at Foyles' Literary Luncheon, held at the Dorchester in honour of Mr. Dylan Thomas last Tuesday week, kept their furs on and pointed one another out to their guests. So and so had brought along a young poet, somebody else a staff officer on N.A.T.O. ("I'm sure he would have been an A.D.C. to Curzon, my dear, if he'd been old enough"), and conversation was general.

"Such a relief to find you at St. Moritz for Christmas, of course the season is getting earlier, but you're just the sort of unpractical person to arrive ten years late when we have all gone to Kitzbuhl."

"Personally I went to the Ritz. Rather full for Christmas. Empty on Boxing Day."

"Who's she?"

"Shipping, I believe, or maybe margarine."

"Don't be silly, Willy, margarine was nationalised a long time ago."

"I told Ulrich that we really had to come. He was buying up stock for a sale at his Nottingham branch this morning but I did say, my dear, that these affairs were of so much more importance to young poets if people in our position went that we really ought to make an effort and here we are. What did you say his name was?"

"Thomas."

"Not Lottie's boy?"

"Then he really must be a poet; I do think that it is good of them."

And so to lunch when the remainder of the guests arrived in a rush at one. The lifeless pallor of the ballroom walls, a little bit lighter than sauterne, a little darker than chablis, robbed the fur coats of their sheen and rusted the blackest of dresses. We, at the round tables, identified the celebrities from our programme and turned away from our unknown neighbours to our private affairs until the toast-master's gavel recalled us to a proper sense of the occasion.

Mr. Foyle congratulated the poet in a manner that was as graceful as his flowing hair. Mr. Thomas was given his cheque. Miss Horsbrugh rose, heron-like, and emphasised each point with a thrust into the cigarette smoke of her beak-like hat. She spoke of the degradation of language in words as well ordered as the rows of pearls at her neck. By way of peroration she added a line or two of Thomas.

Then A. L. Rowse rose and, after he had told us that he was a Cornishman and that he was unaware of what "a mere don" might contribute to the afternoon's proceedings, settled down to a search for the points that he was about to make. Years ago he had heard in Copenhagen from a particularly intelligent Dane that it was unusual for a nation that was so practical as the English to be so poetic. He thought so too; in fact he was not sure which he admired most, the latest jet bombers, or Mr. Thomas' poetry, but, he repeated, he himself was a hundred per cent a Celt and that had a very important bearing upon the proceedings. He sometimes found his Celtic temperament a nuisance, it was true, but it did lead him on to his second point that French poetry was cerebral and English, at its best, intuitive. Sometimes English poets tried to be intellectual but most of them failed. Men with first-class intellects like himself knew that the reason was because most of them had third (or should he say second) rate minds. Thereupon he commended this man of genius who, as all Celts knew was Dullan, not Dylan, Thomas for, whatever he was, he was truly an intuitive man. . . .

The smoke thickened, the speech ceased and the voice of the much-professed Celt was stilled. There could not have been a better moment to flavour the quality of the poet himself. When, finally, his deep bass voice throbbed through the ballroom for a few seconds to utter his thanks all the choirs of an Eisteddfod could not have been more moving.

"Oh, darling," said the woman at the next table when the chairs began to scrape, "I've a fitting at three. I wonder if I'll have time to go to the library for a copy of that man's poems before Archie's party at six."

MARTIN SHUTTLEWORTH

The Girl in the Ice

By an evening of December there was nothing left to conquer. Weary of monotonous slaughter, too bored to sleep, they sat about the glass-topped table. Sump, who was, in a sense, the most simple among them, had tried to fracture the glass with his intoxipot. He was foolishly surprised to find it unbreakable. Through the tattered roof the darkness crowded in, and it began to rain; the soft spots pattered on their plated skulls, and wriggled greasily down their alloyed battle wear. From a jagged hole above the bar it fell upon the barmaid's head, unwinding her waved hair, washing mascara down her cheeks to mingle with the stains of her stale tears. Like a piece of statuary after an explosion she had been propped against the bar all day. It was impossible to tell whether she was alive or dead. Behind her, row upon row of empty bottles stood triumphantly unbroken, gleaming among the desolation.

Tappit, still young and talkative, lay mumbling on the floor. During the lull he had again been troubled by the vision of a girl's body in a block of ice. A recent blow on the mouth had loosened his teeth, and the noise he made was a heavy salived rattle, broken by hissing sobs. As his muttering rose and fell, no one understood or indeed listened to what he was saying until his churning voice clarified into a lumpy monosyllabic groan. And then quite distinctly he pronounced the word *home*. Hardly glancing at him, Bigend, the N.C.O., again kicked him in the mouth. Tappit toppled sideways and his noise spluttered quietly on the wet floor—the engine of a motor-boat misfiring in the distance, the song of a grasshopper with wet feet—and then gave out.

The silence was complete, grave-like. The men moved perceptibly, each with his own unpractised gesture of comfort, as though wrapping silence about them, a great blanket, comfortable and almost dry. Piston yawned and bent forward, pillowing his head in his arms. Sump also spread his arms forward, but a slight gesture from Bigend reminded him of his duty. He wound up the weapon at his elbow and switched the eye at the back of his head off and on, with needless thoroughness, to see if it was working.

Nothing in the stricken town stirred as the rain fell through the torn roofs and between the empty walls. Most of it had been destroyed at the beginning. Bigend, a veteran of thirty years service, wondered whether he had been here before. There were landmarks he had been trained to recognise. So many years ago, before the "second skin" or the "soldier's wife" had been invented, before the annihilation of Paris or the year of icebergs, he remembered a similar outline of ruins, and a similar cemetery of crooked crosses on the hill outside the town.

Crank prodded the table with his finger. Piston jerked his head up and woke up.

"Listen," Crank said. He laid his wafer-like microphone in the centre of the table and they heard distinctly the whirr of winged boots approaching. Bigend gave an order and they made up the pentagonal formation, switching on the lethal security circle. There was no tension in their waiting. Unbroken victory had made each battle a parade ground exercise. They did not attack now, because they were almost certain that only the "good" were living. But frequent schism and treachery had made them cautious. And of late it had been difficult to ascertain from day to day whether their helmets were of the correct colour.

The courier came straight to them. The message in picture alphabet shining on his chest was brief. It meant Immediate Demobilisation, all troops finding their own way back, to report for work at the City of Caves. It was issued under the seal of the First Self, dated December the last.

With a whirring shuffle like a metal pheasant rising the courier was gone. The men sat down again and listened to Crank, who had the most retentive memory, repeating the communique. He repeated it several times, enjoying the sound of his own voice. Years ago, during the last interlude of peace, he had been a baseball commentator. Sump, always his most appreciative listener, asked him what demobilisation meant. Bigend watched him narrowly. All the men were listening and although he knew they could never get on without him, Bigend felt vaguely uneasy. They would die of hunger, kill each other in quarrel, drink poisoned liquid, get lost, or be eaten by the new cannibals. Even Bigend shrank at the thought of returning alone and yet he was uneasy.

Crank began to explain the strange word in terms of Dialectical Technophy.

"It is quite clear," he said in a jerky voice that gathered speed as he went on, "that Demobilisation means a reversion to that primitive state of individuality in free communion which we theoretically know to be the ultimate aim of the Technic Revolution. To quote the immortal words of the Great Technician: 'That day shall come when the weary soldier shall put away his weapons and the woman of the factory turn away from feeding her insatiable machine and in the gardens of this world they shall play together like little children.'

"But, as the First Commentator pointed out," Crank continued, "any putting away of weapons, any deserted machines *before* the appointed dialectical day must be called treachery and treason, logically punished by sudden death. The question at issue therefore must be, does this order *Demobilisation* suggest that the dialectical day, coincidental with the Great Technician's 'that-day-shall-come', has or is about to arrive. The Second Commentator has said that part of the strategy of the bestial forces inimical to the Technic Revolution will be to sponsor False Prophets to give false announcements. That being the case the practical rule for every Technic soldier should be 'when in doubt, obey orders'".

"When in doubt," Crank repeated, saluting Bigend, "obey orders."

Bigend nodded. Crank began to smile, pleased with his dialectical effort. Two streams of saliva fell from his mouth, due to the strain of pronouncing unusual and half-forgotten words. Sump, still nodding as though he understood, began playing a game of electric poker with Piston. Although Piston was sleepy, Sump did not win. But he was pleased with the gay colours of the cards that flashed across the mirror of his hand.

Tappit had listened with his mouth open to Crank's dialectical discourse. So long ago, during

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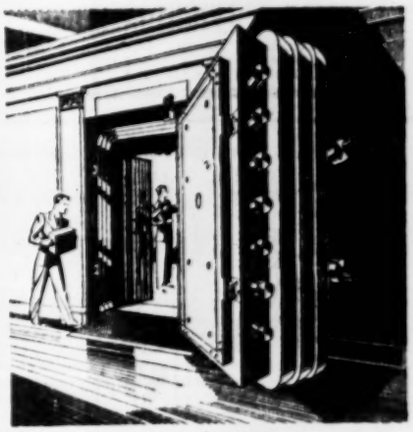

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a time when leave was still granted, he had loved a factory novice. In the evening he had taken her to the Cave of Antiquities where his father was caretaker and preserved her in a block of opalescent ice. He was young and impetuous and believed that "the-day-that-shall-come" would be within his lifetime.

Crank's words had disturbed him strangely. Once again he saw the forgotten image, the blurred outline of the naked girl in the clouded ice. How many times had he dreamt in the old days of the ice melting and the girl rising like Aphrodite with glistening limbs, to embrace him.

He rose now to his feet, swaying unsteadily. "The day, the day," he muttered, "the day." He moved unsteadily towards the door, fumbling with the mechanism of his boots, dragging his encumbered feet forward.

Bigend saw him and gave an order. "The ice shall be water," he crooned, stumbling forward, "the day shall be home."

Bigend, Piston, Crank and Sump rose to their feet and pointed towards him. He fell dead across the threshold, his arms stretched forward. His feet were still in the room, but outside the gutter water eddied about his face and his fingers.

Inside, the men were silent again. They gave up playing, the rain washed the silent barmaid's face and ran across the gleaming counter soaking into the floor.

EMYR HUMPHREYS

Green Thoughts

I DROPPED in on a billiards match the other day. That sounds casual, but in fact for some time I'd been waiting the chance. Snooker we have always on view, billiards rarely. I suppose the war scotched it. Matches that never went on for less than a fortnight diminished in appeal when one's next night might be one's last; and today the eye no longer darts, or darts vainly, to the stop-press or the foot, the very bootsole, of the column for "Latest Scores." The twilight newspaper passes over Mr. Davis's 439 unfinished. Tempos have changed; we prefer the quick decision, the knock-out.

However, once in a blue moon the billiards players, those guardians of misspent youth, come back. Spry, black-suited men, imperturbable as comedians, they have stepped in through curtains, bowed to the empty house, inclined together at the baulk end for stringing (one moment during this ceremonious conflict when they will act in concert), and after their fashion they're off. Not that I—or, I imagine anyone else—can ever have been present at such an initiation. Billiards matches start and finish in heaven. Did not Lindrum once make a break of 4,137? Who saw, who could possibly see, that? Has there ever been a champion who didn't threaten to go on forever, so that new rules had to be devised—spot strokes barred, three-cushion cannons made obligatory—so as to check him? Don't the victors of all time, Walter Lindrum and John Roberts, Jr., Peall, Gray, go on playing one another irresistibly, even though in the game's present eclipse we may not hear of it? One walks past that old-fashioned façade in Leicester Square, the "Home of Billiards and Snooker," with no more thought to the immensities than along lamplit pavements under the night sky. No shooting star or onrushing planet—in the shape of a smother of glass, a ball flying out of a first-floor window to bounce at our feet—reminds us of the strange universe within. Only, if one happens to glance sideways, the scores are put up beside a doorway.

So I dropped in; and already as I was mounting the stairs, galleried with cartoons of famous players, came the voice of the marker: "One hundred and one . . . three . . . seven . . . nine . . ." Then curtains divided, I was admitted—held on the threshold—to the hush, the green radiance, the performance, the music of the spheres click-clicking their journey through eternity.

A confident, snub personage in shirt-sleeves, whom I recognised as Mr. Joe Davis, was addressing the ball. He dealt with it briefly, scrupulously: others may be over-polite, suspicious, coaxing—not Mr. Davis. He simply addresses it; it does what he wants. It nudged, and no more than nudged, the other two balls, and so they went on sidling almost imperceptibly until Mr. Davis paused, raised an eye-brow, and away went the ball round the table in a series of smart rebounds, while Mr. Davis watched to make sure it wouldn't deviate by a hair's breadth from some course previously decided on. It didn't dare. It slowed down as much as it possibly could; its two companions, huddling together, waited; Mr. Davis waited, we all waited; and with an incredible reluctance it came back, nearer and nearer, so close in the end that the marker had to bend over, shading his eyes, to decide whether all three weren't touching This enabled me to find my way, on tiptoe, to a seat in the fourth row, four rows on either side steeply banked being the limits assigned to gods and men.

The session continued as such sessions do: cigar smoke thickened to pyramids over the enchanted green; the score leapt up and the clock-hand crawled round; from time to time, unaccountably, Mr. Davis went and his place was taken by Mr. Willie Smith, a genial elder and ex-champion of the Thirties, less strict in his surveillance than the master; a purr of content from the front row would sharpen into gasps, slaps of astonishment at the back; a lady plumped in, secure in her satisfaction of being unique; and to the marker's intonation was added the clubman's snore.

My own enjoyment on these occasions always takes a similar course. At first I tremble for every stroke, amazed that in the pursuit of intricacies success should so follow success: to anyone who has ever wielded a cue—as I did, for many years and many purposes, having been brought up, as you might say, on a quarter-size table—the spectacle sublimely discourages, revealing as it does the gulf between pottering about and playing. Then, with miracles rattled off three to the minute, my amazement reserves itself for the shot that *doesn't* come off, the ball left hung on a lip. Finally, between despair and elation, I acquiesce, I accept, I relax, I lose myself in a perfection that may lull but never dulls. Green thoughts under a green shade. The players cease to exert themselves in expunging error, the strokes merge into impulses, impulses into a Break, and the spherical three—more golden than those which hang outside Uncle's—attain their own heaven of communicability.

After the hour of billiards, refreshed as though by midsummer streams or the Turkish Baths, we sat up for the now indispensable lapse into a half-dozen frames of snooker. Snooker is a devilish short, sharp gambol. Of course, being masters of every style, Messrs. Davis and Smith—the first, a long-reigned snooker champion—brought elegance to dodging, and showed off delightedly. The click-click had became bang-bang, the epic had given way to the strip cartoon, and we had all been thoroughly tickled before we felt for hats. Our small crowd dispersed grinning, but outside I looked back for that reassurance of the calendar:

W. Smith (rec. 3,000) 6,148
J. Davis (in play) 7,823

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN

As the Late Viennese School recedes into historical perspective, I believe that Alban Berg's Violin Concerto will emerge as its masterpiece. Not only did Berg possess creative genius of a different order from that of his associates, but into this final work he distilled the essence of himself in a singularly pure and concentrated form.

The composer's artistic essence has been well defined by Mosco Carner as "the idea of compassion for the suffering of the human creature." We know this quality best in *Wozzeck*. Wozzeck and Marie are "poor trash," but amid much that is grotesque and crazy their sorrows are always real and pitiful. In *Lulu*, for all its fascination, it is hard not to feel that the composer had taken a wrong turning: the story is too heartless, the characters too repulsive, to act as good "carriers" for the vials of his pity. It was, strangely enough, in the abstract form of a commissioned Violin Concerto that Berg was to find the perfect, and, as it proved, ultimate vehicle for his compassion. The Concerto became a requiem, an elegy and a portrait; and freedom from operatic inessentials allowed the composer to shape this portrait-elegy into a curious, trance-like perfection. The formal design of the work is subtle, original and satisfying; but what immediately strikes the listener is its emotional atmosphere. So passionate, sorrowful and strange is the music that it must in any case have aroused curiosity as to its source. As in Elgar's Violin Concerto, the solo violin is virtually a human being—with the difference that Berg has not troubled to cover his traces. The work is known to have been written under the overwhelming impact of the death of Manon Gropius, an 18-year-old girl of rare beauty and sweetness, who was the daughter by a second marriage of Gustav Mahler's widow. Inscribed "To the Memory of an Angel," it was fully sketched within three months of Manon's death, a very short time for so complex a work. Neither its finely wrought structural detail nor its fastidious scoring betrays the slightest sign of haste; but its unusually rapid conception and execution have doubtless something to do with the remarkable impression of organic unity and inevitability which we receive from the work. This unity is all the more surprising because the music is made out of two different kinds of musical speech.

It is based, like all Berg's later music, on the twelve-note system—but with a difference. We have come a long way from the rigidity of Schönberg's early practice, which deliberately avoided "normal" consonances, even when they arose by accident. For his Violin Concerto, on the contrary, Berg selected a note-row which begins with alternate minor and major triads (overlapping on their last and first notes) and ends with four whole tones. In consequence, normal tonality hangs like a mirage over the surface of his work, which owes a certain dreamlike ambiguity to the dual character of its harmonic and melodic implications. At various moments, like ghostly shapes from the past, a Viennese waltz, a Carinthian *ländler*, or a whistled snatch of rustic melody flit across the scene; these can be accommodated within the harmonic language without obtruding themselves, yet without losing all their natural character; and in the last movement the four whole tones which end the note-row reveal themselves, most surprisingly and with great poetic effect, as the initial notes of a Bach chorale, *Est ist genug* ("It is enough").

Indeed there is no end to the lovely consequences of this note-row of Berg. In the unforgettable opening page, for instance, where the soloist alternates with harp and clarinet in a passage which is like the lifting of veils from a shrine, we discover that the initial "odd numbers" of the series (1, 3, 5 and 7) make up the four open strings of the violin. Of course, if Berg had not been a twelve-note composer, he could just as well have used this bare and beautiful sequence; but in that case it would have been a mere prelude, without the rich associations which it retrospectively acquires from the note-row, and this is perhaps the answer to those who ask why Berg need have bothered with the whole system at all.

I am sometimes tempted to think that this note-row of Berg, precisely because of its ingenious cross-fertilisation by tonality, is one of the few æsthetically justifiable specimens in existence. A common and reasonable complaint against the twelve-note system is that it does not, in practice, provide the structural basis which it claims to provide, because the ear feels no desire, after eleven of the notes have been sounded, to hear the twelfth. In the note-row of Berg's Concerto, for once in a way, the sequence of notes is really memorable, so that inversions and transpositions are musically felt, not just intellectually apprehended. The tonal constituents embedded within the row provide the needed element of satisfaction (or surprise) for the ear; yet the language has the mystery of an added dimension. The old relationships are present, but they are seldom unequivocally stated. They hover magically in the air.

It was typical of Berg's æsthetic finesse to have discerned the symbolic and human possibilities latent in this rapprochement between two sorts of musical language. The idea of reconciliation is inherent in the Concerto; and the reconciliation of atonality with tonality serves as a kind of parallel to another reconciliation: the yielding of our human fever and fret before the tranquil and healing touch of death. The introduction of the Bach chorale was in itself a striking idea; but the manner of its introduction, the way in which the soloist wonderingly muses on its implications, casts a last pathetic backward glance at the Carinthian *ländler* (a symbol, no doubt, of simple earthly happiness) and soars on the wings of the note-row itself into the unknown—all this, once we have taken our bearings in the still unfamiliar landscape, will surely be recognised as among the most deeply affecting things in modern music.

It must be said that last week's performance was too vague to make any great effect either on the initiated listener or on the newcomer. André Gertler has previously shown that he fully understands the music; but his fine-spun tone was often inaudible, and the blame for this must be laid on the conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent. The work is scored with Berg's usual delicacy, but the constant movement of the parts is bound to make an effect of confusion and deliquescence, despite the beautifully vocal nature of each strand, unless the problem of balance is thoroughly studied. This performance was too cautious and too much on one level; the occasional climaxes, which should be shattering, sounded altogether too dim. It is perhaps impossible for a repertory conductor to "take up" such a work and give it adequately after a few rehearsals; it must be loved and lived with. Some three years ago, with the same soloist, I thought that Sir Adrian Boult came much nearer to success. What is really wanted, however, is a first-class LP recording under the direction of someone like Ernest Ansermet. The Concerto would then begin to occupy the position to which its merits entitle it.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE SURVIVAL OF MR. MAUGHAM

"THE day before yesterday's newspaper is not more dead than the play of twenty years ago." So wrote Mr. Somerset Maugham in the tendentious preface to the first volume of his Collected Plays when they were published in 1931. Twenty-one years later his publishers, in defiance of those words, reissued them, and Mr. Maugham allowed the prefaces to stand. Perhaps time had healed the wound (it almost amounted to a trauma) which he seems to have received from the intelligentsia of the day. His first play, produced by the Stage Society, scored a *succès d'estime* and Mr. Maugham rejoiced: "*Et ego in Arcadia vixi*: I too have been a highbrow." But Mr. Maugham's confessed ambition was "for fame and money"; and if highbrows sometimes attain to fame, they very rarely cash in on it during their lifetime. So Mr. Maugham proceeded to write three plays, deliberately for the market, and he succeeded in capturing it. He made his fortune and he achieved his fame, though this turned out, he ruefully admits, to be only notoriety; and his unconcealed commercialism (it is his own explanation) lost him his status as a highbrow. This, rather surprisingly, hurt; he went on grumbling urbanely about it for thirty years.

It is a curious but common phenomenon of our culture, this, the highly successful writer, immensely rich and widely read, yet going round all the time with a chip on his shoulder because the one thing he has failed to get is the applause of the highbrows. Yet Mr. Maugham is surely unlucky to have been ostracised (if that was indeed the case) merely for writing plays for specific markets and specific actresses. And he might well have defended himself by pointing out that that is how many of the best plays get themselves written, that Shakespeare wrote for a specific company and Sheridan in order to relieve himself of his debts. We might get more good plays nowadays if the practice of *ad hoc* playwrighting was more generously encouraged. On the other hand, the practice of *ad hoc* playwrighting does not by itself ensure a good play. Mr. Maugham himself admits that his first three commercial successes—*Lady Frederick*, *Mrs. Dot* and *Jack Straw*—are not now worth much consideration (though he fails to admit that this might have been the reason for the highbrows of the day dismissing them). But they demonstrated both to himself and to the managers that he had the flair, and enabled him to write their successors more according to his own taste.

How have these fared with the years? When the three volumes were reissued recently (by Heinemann at 15s. each the volume) I read them

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through again to try and estimate if any of them would stand reviving, and if so which; and I picked out four as still very capable of amusing, *The Circle*, *Our Betters*, *The Breadwinner* and probably *Sheppey*. Whether any of these is likely to survive very far into the future seems to me uncertain. Mr. Maugham has himself supplied the obvious reason for doubt. In granting them only twenty years of life he remarks, truly, that the language of the prose play which closely imitates real life is perishable stuff. And his argument may turn out to apply to his own comedies too. Exceptionally witty and neat in the writing, though they are for the period, their success does perhaps depend too much upon their theatrical coups, and these we do know last less long. But I remember feeling about them that for the moment they would still work. The difficulty, I thought, might well be not that the plays themselves had dated, but that our producers and actors seem for the moment to have lost the secret of reproducing period style. It is true that we are more conscious than ever before of "period." But our consciousness of it is a tiresome "taste boys'" consciousness, reflecting the invasion of the theatre by the fashion designers. Period is "amusing," is "fun," is guyed. It is thought of as an additional decoration for a play, whereas it ought to be caught, fixed and used for establishing the style.

An opportunity for testing these opinions occurred this week with a production at the Arts Theatre of *The Breadwinner*, and it turned out very much as I had thought. Through the almost incredible mess which producer and actors had made of their attempt, it was possible to discern that the play itself, properly treated, would stand up remarkably well, for its construction is as neat and witty as the best of the writing. But everything depends on establishing a style. Even without that, the play makes an impact of a kind simply by means of the superb comic stroke which turns the tables on a wife and her selfish children. They take their means of existence (the husband-father) completely for granted. In an ordinary run-of-the-mill domestic comedy the husband would bitterly complain or mildly revolt. Mr. Maugham's brilliant invention is to produce a husband who has already decided to leave *them*. Now a stroke like this is one of those coups which in itself can only work fully once. The test is whether it will still work even when one knows it to be coming, and that depends entirely on a sure treatment of the characters. *The Breadwinner* does do more than provide just this stroke: with its characters it succeeds in distilling the essence of a generation, the "emancipated" post-Great War generation—the children dreadful forerunners of the Youth Movements coming in the Thirties, the wives a terrible vulgarisation of the Edwardian New Woman. These types, products of a moment of social history, are fixed and pinned on the setting board for our amusement. The language, it is true, is just beginning to fade and peel. But the attitudes and states of mind are still clearly visible and as long as they are rightly acted they will still make the theatrical coup work for us again and again.

Unfortunately, at the Arts, this is one of the things that fails. The children (especially Veronica Hurst and Kenneth Fortescue) come somewhere near; the adults miss by miles. And not only the wives, but the all-important husband too. Mr. Denys Blakelock is a very clever actor, but nothing he can do can make up for a natural lack of inches and of weight and of voice. He ought to "top" the whole production. Instead he is always underneath it. And as a lesson in how not to use period this production might repay study. There is even a moment where an actor is left alone on the stage and the action is held up while he opens a packet of cigarettes in order to show the audience that it contains—they did then, you know—a cigarette card.

T. C. WORSLEY

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RADIO NOTES

MR. C. DAY LEWIS has this week given the last of his four excellent talks on Modern Poetry. Addressed primarily to Home Service listeners—that is, one supposes, to the interested but not informed—they have had no flavour of the textbook (though the subjects covered, Influences, Techniques and so forth are precise enough), but have suggested rather, with their freshness and their unextravagant fire, the speaker discovering his subject as he travelled through it, not knowing at the outset what he was to find. This was, in fact, his own image for a poet writing a poem—a point not insignificant. The examples, too, were chosen without triteness, though some were well known. One poem in particular stands out as a reminder of its context—Edwin Muir's remarkable *The Combat*, strangest of poems, and, once heard, most difficult to forget.

Miss Elizabeth Jenkins's *King Monmouth* (produced for the Saturday Night Home Service by Wilfrid Grantham) was a workmanlike piece of popular history, carrying us along by its vigour, by its unfaltering dramatic simplification of the characters, and perhaps by some echo of the original tragedy, but failing to impress finally, as myth and history should, with a sense of its allegory. The ending, the domestic sad farewell of death, was no more than a bid for sympathy, too easy a close for distinction. As with so many historical plays, some better, some very much worse, an attitude was imposed on the characters rather than discovered from their story. Miss Jenkins' Monmouth, charming, weak, suggestible, deficient in the rebel's useful gifts of ruthlessness and drive; her James II, with ruthlessness and drive but without manners or charity; her Charles II, irresistibly noble, stern and worldly wise—we could accept them all. It was perplexing, however, to hear the Duke address his royal father on more than one occasion as "Dad." The perils of giving words to the illustrious dead are certainly manifold. Did not even Mr. Henry Reed, in a recent feature, permit Shakespeare to speak, in the tones of a Noel Coward hero, of his "dear, brave Anne," and, a little later, of his "Hamnet and Judy"? Better, maybe, the school of *Prithee* and *eftsoons*. For these touches are not accidents but symptoms, of a wilful reading of ourselves into the men and women of ages we are not fully able to understand.

The Trouble Makers was transferred from stage to radio with very few changes in emphasis: the four college thugs were less differentiated, perhaps, but this seemed part of a necessary cutting down in broadcast characterisation. It still remained an outstanding and brilliant drama which, for all the harshness of its contemporary theme had a living and exciting quality; all that stronger for being not the victim's play but that of the onlooker who grows into the participant. Not so *The Witch*, equally true in its horrors, yet painful in a way which no virtuosity of acting and production could redeem.

An interesting venture was the short and rather moving programme on *Sappho*, with readings in Greek by Elsa Verghis of the Greek National Theatre and in English by Jill Balcon. The two voices had a certain likeness of tone, and the effect of this, whether or no it was by design, was curiously impressive, making the change from text to translation a gliding move, hardly apparent. In general, though, Miss Balcon's voice, which is emotional and intense, seems more suited for drama than for the reading of poetry. This makes one regret that she was (apart from Mr. Day Lewis himself) the only reader in the *Modern Poetry* talks I spoke of earlier. Miss Balcon's besetting faults—they should not be hard to mend—are an overslow pace and an unnaturally low pitch, a combination which admits a discomfiting earnestness, but never lightness, variation or detachment. When she drops the poetic manner and reads at a more natural level, the result is sometimes delightful.

Though temperamentally unable to tune my thoughts to June days in January or to plan for large tracts of leisure, I must commend the recent series of Sunday afternoon broadcasts entitled *Holiday Hour*. I hope that we have not heard the last of these gay, unpretentious, informative programmes, whose reminiscences have never bored; whose invitations do not repel; whose advice is never discouraging, and which perform the considerable feat of laying before the Light Programme listener the attractions of the travel poster without any of its vulgarity.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Le Plaisir," at Studio One
"Doctor Knock" and "The Emperor's Nightingale," at the Curzon

Max Ophüls's *La Ronde* so took the fashion—in the end enjoying a run second only, I imagine, to *Gone With the Wind*—that hopes of seeing his new film had to be postponed indefinitely. But here it is, a triptych of Maupassant stories, each devoted to an aspect of pleasure. Old age grasps at it. It abandons the town to go off picnicking. Those who would cage it find themselves with that quite different bird, pain.

First, however, out of a dark screen comes the voice of Maupassant defunct, wondering a little how his stories will go: to the dead, everyone must seem terribly modern! This larkiness puts us in a far more receptive mood than the usual interview with, or resuscitation of, an author; and the voice—protesting its unfamiliarity with English—is, insinuatingly, Mr. Peter Ustinov's. The first story, "Le Masque," delicately explodes on us in true Ophüls style: a gala ball drawing *tout Paris* on a snowy night. Up they roll, in they run, to the waltzing eye of the camera, and almost at a gallop comes a strange late newcomer.

He looks—with eyeglass and gay moustache—impeccable; but during the first dance staggers and falls. The attending doctor calls for scissors, hacks off a mask; an old man with a weak heart lies revealed. And there, for the film-maker, the interest flickers out; or would for anyone except Ophüls, who follows the old pretender home, with wonderful shots of the horse and cab and the staircase, at the top of which Maupassant winkles out the story though the eye is left a little wanting.

The second story, "La Maison Tellier," satisfies all requirements: good Maupassant and good Ophüls—only the unapproachable *Partie de Campagne* achieves more in this line of country. That Madame Tellier's "establishment" should remind us less of a brothel than a boarding school; that her select young ladies should be treated to outings; that one Saturday night—of all nights—the mayor, the judge, the fishmonger, the town clerk, and all should pay their usual calls, to find the door closed; that Madame Tellier and her flock should have gone off to attend the first communion of her little neice; and that in the village church a sort of transfiguration should have come over the assembly, the young ladies having started to cry and all the others following suit: all this flows into picture as gaily and prettily as (if you know your Ophüls) you may imagine. Delicious are the camera prowlings about and into the establishment, the adventure with the commercial traveller on the train, the bucolic renascence of purity. Elegance shows itself no less in the ascending and descending hints of angelic grace than in the provincial sweets of sin.

The third story makes play with painter and model, the Louvre, glass ateliers, the gratings of living together, and a reminiscent seashore. Again, as in the first piece, this is rather illustrated Maupassant than film pure. And so—to Mr. Ustinov's soft mordancies, and having enjoyed ourselves, thank you, very nicely—we leave off.

Jouvet in *Doctor Knock* gives one of his classic performances, without which this Molière and soda-water would barely survive the screen at all; as it is, Romains's satire and entertainment are drawn out to yawning point. Jiri Trnka's puppet film, *The Emperor's Nightingale*, is a real charmer: is—*was*, I should say, because the colour of the Czech original has crossed a terrible Atlantic, from Agfacolour into Technicolor, so that now in the American version it is a parody of itself. And yet it retains far more of Andersen than any film I have seen.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Oedipus," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

Mr. Donald Wolfit opens his Coronation Year season with an interesting new venture. He is playing the two Oedipus plays of Sophocles in one evening. The *Oedipus Rex* has, of course, a regular place in our classical repertoire; but the *Oedipus Coloneus* has seldom, if ever, been performed on the professional stage. Nor is this surprising, for unlike the *Oedipus Rex* its appeal is limited to those with more than a passing acquaintance with the Classics. It is fascinating to have seen it but it is unlikely to be seen often. Mr. Wolfit uses the new translation by E. F. Watling which has been published in the Penguin Classics, and this seems to me only a partial success. It is admirably clear and makes the drama instantly understandable to a modern audience in language that is simple but dignified. On the other hand, its effect is essentially a prose effect, and these terrible events only work in the world of poetry. Mr. Wolfit's Oedipus is a fine conception, powerful, dominating and (surely this is right) a little lurid, though after the blinding he becomes somewhat incoherent, keeping his voice too much in the higher registers. Sir Lewis Casson is a splendid Tiresias and the scene between him and Oedipus is wonderfully savage. Miss Ellen Pollock, the Jocasta, and Mr. Ernest Hare, the Cleon, are useful additions to a company stronger than usual. Mr. Wolfit's production is straightforward and clear and Mr. Tom Lingwood provides an imaginative and appropriate setting. *Oedipus* can be seen up till February 14.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

LABOUR HONOURS

SIR,—Since controversy has once again arisen about the acceptance of honours by Labour leaders, may I recall to your readers' memory a classic letter on this same subject which was published in your own journal on June 22, 1935? The author was Professor R. H. Tawney, and I quote the greater part of his remarks:

For a good many years the Labour Party has been in the habit of stating in its programmes and on public platforms that it stands for Social Equality. Has it jettisoned that article in its creed as too embarrassing electoral luggage? Or does it suppose that it will convert the public to a belief in Equality, if it does not, in its heart, believe in it itself? And does it expect to persuade them of the genuineness of its convictions, if prominent members of the Party sit up, like poodles in a drawing-room, wag their tails when patted, and lick their lips at the social sugar-plums tossed them by their masters? It has told the workers again and again that their strength is in solidarity, and that they must advance together, or not at all. Are they likely to believe it, if they see one of the honorary officers of the Party created to fight their battles accepting a knighthood from a Government the very initiation of which has been repeatedly denounced by his colleagues as an odious piece of treachery to the workers' cause? It has declared that it is committed to an uncompromising struggle with the plutocracy and all its works. Then why stick in its hair the very feathers which the plutocracy, in its more imbecile moments, loves to wear in its own? There may well be a case for distinctions conferred as recognised steps in an official career, for example, on civil servants. But those accepted in recent years by some leaders of the Labour Movement are hardly in that category. The truth is, that the whole business of political honours stinks—stinks of snobbery, of the money for which, unless rumour is wholly misleading, a good many of them are sold, of the servile respect for wealth and social position which remains even today the characteristic and contemptible vice of large numbers of our fellow-countrymen. It is precisely these things which are among the principal obstacles in the path of the Labour Party. Why on earth does it go out of its way to strengthen their pernicious influence by allowing, without a murmur, its members to do obeisance to them?

I am told that titles are a trifle, and that it is absurd to make a fuss about them. If they are such a trifle, why does anyone desire them? But they are not. Those who think that the acceptance of them does no harm have been mixing too long with *blasés* politicians. They should attend their local Labour Parties, and listen for a change to the views of ordinary men and women. I know, of course, that the members of the Party who have refused "honours" are a good deal more numerous than those who have accepted them, and that fact should be remembered. The stuff, apparently, is hawked round, and sensible men, when they catch a whiff of it, tell the vendor for the Lord's sake take it farther up the street. But the public cannot know that. All it sees is that some Labour politicians denounce the social system in one breath, and in the next behave as though they were on their knees before it. The conclusion it draws from the spectacle, and quite inevitably draws, is that Labour politicians are on the make to the same degree as other politicians, and that their full-mouthed indignation at social inequalities is vociferous cant.

I am told, again, that, though the thing is admittedly nauseous, it can't be helped. It is true, of course, that Privy Councillorships are not to be avoided, and that, as long as the House of Lords exists, the Labour Party must have its members in it. That is a good reason why a Labour Government should make Privy Councillors and Peers in the number required to get its work done, and members of the Party who have accepted for that reason the positions in question have laid the Movement under an obligation. But, however singular the British Constitution may be, it does not yet contain a Chamber of Knights—though, at the present rate, it soon may—or require that, before a man can become a Minister, he should prepare himself for his responsibilities by attaching to his name a prescribed percentage of the alphabet.

If the only case for "honours" is the practical one, it seems pretty easy to meet. Let the next

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Party Conference lay down (1) that no member of the Party shall accept adornments of the kind except from a Labour Government, (2) that no Labour Government shall confer any "honours" except such as are essential in order to enable it to do the job for which it was given power. Were that course adopted, a Labour Government would remain free to recommend the creation of such Peers and Privy Councillors as it required. But we should see less of the humiliating business of Labour members succumbing, however undesignedly, to the blandishments of a social system which the Labour Party is pledged to do its utmost to wind up."

So far as I am concerned, the substance of these comments still holds true; I am sure that most Socialists take the same view. "OLD-TIMER"

GUIDANCE FOR PARTY MEMBERS

SIR,—Now that the National Executive Committee has made it clear that criticism of approved persons is tantamount to disloyalty, members will wish to prepare themselves for concomitant developments.

Clarification will take place in three stages:—

(a) Abstention from Disloyal Criticism.
(b) Enthusiastic Participation in Directed Praise.
(c) Concerted Revelation of Error and/or Treachery.

The final stage will, of course, be followed by the expulsion of offending members. Loyal members will wish to associate themselves at once with stage (a) and pending directions, private exercises may be carried out in preparation for the second and third stages.

On the initial or current stage, the N.E.C. has laid it down that the only loyal answer to the question, "Do you think that Lincoln Evans was right to accept that knighthood?" is a ringing affirmative. A mumbled reply to the effect that other people have accepted knighthoods is quite unsatisfactory, as is a craven attempt to divert the conversation towards the subjects of heraldry, armorial bearings or falconry. Silence may, however, properly be preserved when the statesmanship of the recent gesture by the President of the T.U.C. is under discussion; the facial expression should indicate benevolent neutrality.

Active training in stages (b) and (c) is as yet limited to the higher circles of the Movement, though it is noteworthy that the press, from *The Times* to the *Herald*, is taking a keen interest in spreading affection (for approved persons) throughout the rank and file. The latter should begin cautiously. "Good old Gaitskell" once or twice a day—or "Three cheers for Sir Will." Anything more advanced at the start may precipitate an indisposition which will retard the entire re-educative process.

The full development of these plans will take time, but members will be relieved to know that a new order will eventually replace the present uncertainties. These steps will ensure that in future the free expression of opinion within the Party will not trespass beyond reasonable limits to be laid down by the National Executive and endorsed by the block vote at the next Annual Conference. HUGH JENKINS

"THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG STICK"

SIR,—Your article in last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION headed "The Big Four and the Big Stick" seems to imply that there are trade union members upon the Labour Party National Executive Committee who pander to the "Big Four," as you designate them, in order to ensure being successful at the annual elections.

That argument, if it were true, can apply equally in other directions, as you appear conveniently to forget. Even if the trade union members have found themselves voting together on occasions, has it ever struck you that other sections may also regularly vote together upon an equal number of occasions?

As one who does not allow others to do his thinking for him I am prepared to believe that the majority of the votes cast are based upon an honest interpretation of the merits of each case. It ill-becomes a supporter of a minority viewpoint to regard all others as "unreliable" just because they decline to act in unison with another group.

Truly a queer case of muddled reasoning! Maybe it was inspired by the belief that the minority are always right until they become the majority—then God help those who hold minority opinions.

National Union of Railwaymen. H. W. FRANKLIN, *President*.

BIRCHING

SIR,—The personal repugnance which supporters of civic decency must feel at the demand for the restoration of birching as a punishment for crimes of violence is unlikely to have been abated by the insubstantial arguments brought forward to recommend its efficacy as a deterrent to potential offenders. The gradual rejection of birching by juvenile courts in the '20s and '30s, the recommendations of the Cadogan Committee, the statistics showing a decline in the type of crime previously punishable by flogging since its abolition, the greater decrease of these crimes in a country so little "foreign" as Scotland where there is no corporal punishment—all these are simple answers probably well known to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. If they are uncertain of the facts or do not trust their powers of persuasion to disseminate them, the leaflets of the Howard League set them out clearly.

I would, however, urge that it is our duty to make known these facts as widely and as soon as possible, not only because the return of birching would in effect do no more than distract attention from more realistic solutions to the problem, notably the increase of the police forces, but for a reason which goes beyond the immediate issue.

The advocacy of corporal punishment has, during the recent agitation, become connected with that tendency to exalt an ill-defined "community" over the individual so common in democracies and so dangerous to their well-being. Faced by the collapse of their factual arguments, the advocates of flogging increasingly tend to fall back upon the morality of retribution. Flogging, they argue, may not decrease crime, but it satisfies the "community's" appetite for justice. This insistence that they are not interested in what happens to the criminal so long as the "community" is satisfied, has exactly that fashionable spuriously realistic flavour which convinces many otherwise respectable persons who fear to be thought sentimental. The argument says nothing of the nature of the "community" that demands this satisfaction. It is, of course, the familiar uninformed section made vocal by anger, confusion, alarm or more questionable, if unconscious, emotions. Its muddled well-meaningness has been further befogged by the more sensational newspapers.

The only answer to such a fictitious and dangerous conception of the "community" lies surely in the *individual* rejection of it by other members of the real community. Too often, this same fundamental conflict arises over issues whose technical complications or international nature prevent the thoughtful individual from protesting through fear of his incompetence to judge or knowledge of his impotence to affect. The question of corporal punishment is purely domestic; the facts are not beyond the competence of the layman. It would seem, therefore, a unique opportunity to assert the humane and the reasonable over the brutal and the emotionally confused.

ANGUS WILSON

THE CASE OF DEREK BENTLEY

SIR,—I am in complete agreement with your editorial comment on the case of Derek Bentley but it raises the acute question of what positive steps should be taken to prevent such cases from arising. It is not enough to abstain from hanging delinquent youths. Their delinquency must be dealt with before they have committed murder.

It is well known that many delinquent boys (probably the majority) are of low intelligence and it is probably very significant that both Craig and Bentley were illiterates but unfortunately no survey of the correlation between illiteracy and delinquency Commons to set up an inquiry (*Hansard:* January 29, 1953) the Minister's attitude was hardly encouraging.

I would suggest that the first step should be to require Education Authorities to hold an investigation into the case of every child who falls notably below average attainment in reading and writing. Where it proves to be a simple case of mental limitation, such children must be sent to Special Schools, and Authorities must provide a sufficient number of places in them as a matter of highest urgency. To keep children who are educationally sub-normal in the ordinary schools is a waste of educational opportunity, a drag on better endowed children, an intolerable burden on teachers and may do lasting damage to the backward child. The work done in London's Special Schools shows clearly that, given an education suited to their capacity, these children can develop into well-adjusted and useful citizens.

The provision of Special Schools is cheaper than is the provision of Remand Homes, Approved Schools, Detention Centres, Borstals and prisons—to say nothing of the risk that failure to provide them may be contributing to the number of dangerously anti-social delinquents.

Hitchin, Herts. DOROTHY ARCHIBALD

SIR,—The unusual circumstances in which the Home Secretary has had to make a very difficult decision concerning Derek Bentley suggest that consideration should be given to separating the dual functions of being the principal adviser to the Sovereign in such matters and of being responsible for the police forces of the country. Perhaps they should be so separated that one man would not have to bear both responsibilities at the same time.

Chalfont St. Peter. A. R. HARRIS

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—Mr. Greene is respected as a writer of popular fiction, but if he is to hurl himself into political controversy he would do well to check his facts. *The Times* of January 9 merely enumerated the demands made by the Yugoslav bishops, but it did not comment on them. Still less did it corroborate Mr. Greene's eager assumption that the rights which the bishops demanded are non-existent in Yugoslavia.

There is, then, no conflict of evidence between *The*

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Times and Mr. Sokorac. But, even if there were, it would not be difficult to check the facts. Every British tourist or journalist who visits Yugoslavia (and there have been many in the last three years) is free to do so. He can buy for himself the Catholic papers that Mr. Sokorac lists and see for himself priests teaching the catechism. He need only visit a Croat or a Slovene village on a Sunday to know the fatuity of Mr. Greene's suggestion that Yugoslav Catholics cannot marry in church. He can discover, in short, that what Mr. Sokorac says is substantially true.

In fact, the official attitude towards the Church has become less rigid since Yugoslavia's break with Moscow. Today the Catholic churches are full (even in Bosnia-Herzegovina, where Moslems and Orthodox have long resented the Church's missionary activity), the harrying of the faithful by fanatical rank-and-file Communists has largely ceased, and many imprisoned clergy (with the one notable exception of the Bishop of Mostar) have been released. Mr. Waugh's attempts to equate laicism with religious persecution does not sound convincing.

But these religious polemics are in any case irrelevant. The head of a friendly State has been invited to London. Nothing can be done now to prevent his visit without greatly worsening relations between our two countries. That is the heart of the matter. Why, then, are Mr. Waugh and Mr. Greene determined to keep this sterile controvery alive? Do they merely want to make black mischief? And is Mr. Greene unaware that his "indignant" letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has already been praised by the Hungarian Home Service? DAVID GINSBURG

9 Harman Drive, London, N.W.2.

SIR,—May I reply, as briefly as possible, to the direct question put to me by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in your issue of January 31?

No people and no Party, including the League of Communists of Yugoslavia, have taken upon themselves the task of eliminating the Christian Faith. (One notices that Mr. Waugh refers only to the welfare of the Christian Faith, and makes no mention of Yugoslav Moslems, who constitute 11 per cent. of the population, nor of the Jews who, however small a religious community, are nevertheless entitled to full religious freedom.)

I find it difficult to understand why this question of elimination of the Christian Faith should be asked, since it is answered in my letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 24, in which, among other things, I pointed out that the Yugoslav State, though by law under no obligation to do so, gives 50 million dinars a year to the Roman Catholic Church alone. Other denominations also receive assistance from the State.

On the other hand, under the Constitution freedom of conscience is guaranteed as the right of *all* citizens. This right to personal freedom and independence of thought applies not only to those who believe in and practice religion in its various forms, but equally to those whose conclusions bring them to agnosticism or atheism.

In connection with Mr. Greene's comment, one might, I think, be excused for thinking that he had personal and long experience of conditions in Yugoslavia, so enthusiastically does he take up his pen to criticise her.

His somewhat hasty retreat from obligation, and his tribute to *The Times* as the source of these particular anti-Yugoslav statements, find him again in a rather unfortunate position. The paragraph in *The Times* was not the statement or opinion of its correspondent, but referred in careful terms to the case said to have been put to Marshal Tito by Roman Catholic Bishops. It uses the words "Their demands *are believed* to have included. . . ." These assertions of religious persecution in Yugoslavia I dealt with in my previous letter. A. SOKORAC

Press Counsellor

Embassy of the Federative People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

VINOBA BHAVE

SIR,—Your journal's editorial comment "India's Chequered Progress" says that "too little is being done to appeal to that ideal of social service and practical self-help which were the essence of the Gandhian doctrine." He also says that though the promise to end landlordism has been largely carried out, the traditional pattern of peasant life has not yet been changed very widely. He has surely overlooked one very significant attempt to meet both these vital needs—the work of Vinoba Bhave and the Land Gifts Mission.

Vinoba Bhave and his associates are journeying on foot from village to village in South and Central India and appealing to those in possession of land to share it with landless neighbours. In just over 1½ years—a period covering the turbulent months of the election campaign—the Mission has obtained more than 400,000 acres in free gifts. This land has been given by big as well as small landowners. It is divided up into five-acre plots and handed over to landless families by a village committee who then supervise its farming. Tools and seeds are obtainable from the Government.

The Mission aims at acquiring two million acres in the next two years. Its eventual target is 50 million—one in every six of India's cultivated land. It may well be the birth of a voluntary social revolution without parallel in history.

Vinoba Bhave was one of Gandhi's closest associates. He has the Mahatma's gift of identifying himself with the peasants. The basis of his approach to landowner and landless alike is religious. In the villages through which he has passed on his simple and ardent journey, a new spirit of co-operation is kindled. And in a world caught in the steel cage of violence and coercion, the work of the Land Gifts' Mission is an outstanding witness to the continued power of love. HALLAM TENNYSON

GEORGE III: NEW VERSION

SIR,—May I offer a small crumb of encouragement to Mr. Taylor in his "hesitant" venture "without expert knowledge" into the field of 18th-century politics? The "truth" which he tells us he has taught for so long with such trepidation can be found in Professor Feiling's *History of the Second Tory Party*, published fifteen years ago and based on Ford Lectures given 20 years ago.

Nor, as Mr. Taylor suggests, has expression of this "truth" necessarily involved total failure in examinations. When I offered a callow undergraduate version of it in 1941 I was placed (no doubt fortuitously) in the first class. C. H. STUART

Christ Church,
Oxford.

LITERATURE AND THE SCIENTISTS

SIR,—Now that scientists have won their place as a professional body, their next task is to show how a sound scientific education may be the basis for a broad cultural understanding. One might have hoped that a progressive journal would have been alive to this. Your reviewer of our book, *Literature for an Age of Science*, wonders for whom it is written. Possibly not for him, but at least for the growing number of scientists, technologists and technicians—who are not unduly disturbed by words of more than one syllable—for whom the values they are creating in society have some significance. This relationship between discovered fact and consequent new values, and their expression through literature, is closely argued by us. That your reviewer misses all this, as he ignores the second half of the title, illustrates the limited outlook we were attempting, however inadequately, to overcome.

HYMAN LEVY
HELEN SPALDING

HAROLD LASKI

SIR,—In his review of Mr. Martin's biography of Harold Laski, Dr. A. J. P. Taylor writes that the *Grammar of Politics* "now lies neglected on the shelves." Is this not a somewhat sweeping statement for a book which, more than twenty-five years after its publication, is selling at the rate of more than 2,000 copies a year? PHILIP UNWIN

40 Museum Street,
London, W.C.1.

A SQUEER DO

SIR,—By an unpardonable lapse I attributed *The Rivals* to Goldsmith in my letter published in this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. However the comparison with Sheridan is equally striking. HERBERT W. SPENCER

Mr. Spencer made a *faux pas* in his letter,
When he cited Dickens, (Charles) as Goldsmith's debtor.
But the erudite NEW STATESMAN dare I hint it,
Capped and made the blunder Absolute to print it.
T. J. HUNT

DIRTY DICK

SIR,—
dear boss kingsley i
have heard it said in certain quarters
that dirty dick the villiers street
cat you eulogise in your magazine
is really me in one of my
many reincarnations

you will remember no doubt
that far away and long ago i was cleopatra query
well i was and i am no male
impersonator being
still mehitabel and toujours gai

dirty dick who was previously
a corporation gravedigger at the
time of shakespeare is dirty
dick and nobody else

so wotthehell kingsley
wotthehell query

my friend archy the free verse
poet who was reborn a cockroach having
passed on i get my friend mr
denis botterill who was a
cockroach reborn a free
versifyer
to make everything plain which
is dirty dick is dirty dick
and i am yours in memory of mr don marquis
mehitabel

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The New Statesman and Nation, February 7, 1953

Books in General

"What is this great place, these cloud-capped towers, these airy pinnacles? . . . Ilion. Sky-y-pointing . . . Ilion House, the residence of one of our great merchant princes . . . Terrace above terrace . . . Reaching to the Heavens . . . Kingdoms Cæsar never knew . . . A great poet, George. *Zzzz*. Kingdoms Cæsar never knew . . . Under entirely new management . . ."

Thus isolated in a tiny French inn, under the eyes of a little English clergyman who interprets his ravings as the signs of a death-bed conversion, Uncle Ponderevo, that bewildered pinchbeck-Napoleon of commerce, dies in delirium.

Wells published *Tono-Bungay* in 1909. Six years earlier, in a similar French inn, and in the company of a "good little Anglican parson" and his wife, he had watched his friend George Gissing die. The first time he had seen death, it made a profound impression upon him. Years later, he recounted it in *Experiment in Autobiography*. Gissing, he writes, "had passed over altogether into that fantastic pseudo-Roman world of which Wakefield Grammar School had laid the foundations."

"What are these magnificent beings!" he would say. "Who are these magnificent beings advancing upon us?" Or again, "What is all this splendour? What does it portend?" He babbled in Latin; he chanted fragments of Gregorian music. All the accumulation of material that he had made for *Veranilda* and more also, was hurrying faster and brighter across the mirrors of his brain before the lights went out for ever.

Gissing into Ponderevo: however the incident with its sequel illuminates the novelist's method of work, the transformation is as odd and as improbable a one as may be found in literary history, and it is not a transformation, one fancies, that Gissing himself would have appreciated, for if Gissing evokes one dominant image in the mind it is surely that of a man walking through a world of Ponderevos (and for that matter, of Wellses) holding his nose in shuddering and peevish revulsion.

It may be that his books were a less than adequate expression of the man: certainly Wells found in him a capacity for laughter and a relish of the absurd strikingly absent from his fiction. We need a well-documented biography of him. None exists at present, and perhaps it is already too late. We need it not only because of the intrinsic interest of the man but because Gissing was one of those imperfect artists whose work inevitably leads one back to the writer in person. It is not, except in perhaps three instances, sufficiently detached from its creator; it is too personal, too subjective; the powerful expression, as most critics have felt, of a grudge; and though at their best the novels are absorbing and in some ways unique, in the end it is Gissing's grudge one wants to know more about. His general view of his times was very close to Flaubert's; he, too, might have used the word *muflisme* to characterise the age, which he found vulgar, shallow, naively self-satisfied, and which, like Flaubert, he judged by standards drawn from his notion of classical antiquity. In the figures of the Barmbys, in *In the Year of the Jubilee*, with the elder's preposterous letters to the press and the younger's "Carlyle and Gurty! Yes, Carlyle and Gurty; those two authors are an education in themselves"—it is not far-fetched to see the faint beginnings of an English *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. But Flaubert exteriorised his disgust in novels that are nothing if not wonderfully solid entities; whereas Gissing remains the novelist of a special case—his own case.

In one way or another it is presented in all his books, but in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft**, a new edition of which has just been published to mark the half-centenary of its first appearance and of its author's death, it is stated in an idealised form. Neither a straight novel nor a straight autobiography, *Ryecroft* may best be described as an autobiographical fantasia, projected in the form of a collection of personal essays composed in that curious dialect of written English, now happily obsolete except in the remoter regions of provincial journalism, that Lamb devised from the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and bequeathed to the occasional essayists of the nineteenth. The character thus projected is an old and battered veteran of the war of letters who has been rescued from the eternal battle against the public, editors and publishers, by the unexpected inheritance of a small annuity which has allowed him to retire to a cottage on the Exe. There he spends his days in blissful solitude, mildly æsthetising among wild flowers, reacting inordinately to the parcels the second-hand booksellers send him ("With throbbing heart I set the parcel on a clear table; eyed it whilst I mended the fire, then took my pen-knife, and gravely, deliberately, though with hand that trembled, began to unpack"); pitying himself for his former poverty and the uncultured people it forced him to associate with, and congratulating himself with much compliance on his present good fortune, which he appears to take as not less than his due.

"Mine be a cot," in fact; but Gissing's does not contain even a Lucy in russet gown and apron blue. *Ryecroft* represents a dream of such utter irresponsibility as to amount to the expression of a deliberate opting out of life. Read cold, as it were, without reference to its author, it can scarcely be anything but repellent; the old and battered veteran turns out to be only 53, and his creator 43. Read in the light of one's knowledge of Gissing's life, however, the book makes a rather different impression. He wrote it when he was well out of poverty and his reputation established, but the iron had entered into his soul too early for success to change his attitude either to himself or to life. Two wretched marriages account for the absence of a Lucy: doubtless what Thomas Seccombe called his "amorous propensities" had no place in an ideal version of himself. And even the meditations on gravy, the passionate apostrophes of boiled beef and carrots, achieve their pathos when one realises that, according to Wells, the mother of his third wife was starving him. Mrs. Wells "fed him up—weighing him carefully at regular intervals—with marvellous results."

The weakness of *Ryecroft* lies in the fact that it is a dream. Ryecroft himself is the final rendering of what may be called the Gissing man: he is much less interesting when abstracted from life. In the novels at least he has to struggle with society, and he appears in all the major novels and is fundamentally the same character whatever his class, education or occupation, though different aspects of him may be seized and enlarged upon from novel to novel. He is, primarily, a man who lives in a self-created isolation that is the result of the sense of his own difference from his fellows. If he is a working man, like Grail in *Thyrza*, the difference is his all-consuming hunger and thirst for culture. Generally, it is a combination of poverty, hypersensitiveness, pride and education. Often the Gissing man, like Reardon in *New Grub Street*, adds to the difficulties imposed upon him by his temperament, a responsibility for others that he is incapable of adequately fulfilling. He has two distinguishing marks, that lack of a "natural customary *persona* for miscellaneous use" Wells noted in Gissing himself, and a ferocity of self-regard that prevents him from compromising with the world in which he has his being. Sometimes—Kingcote in *Isabel Clarendon* is a case in point—it is scarcely possible rationally to account for his behaviour; but, with one exception among the novels in which a man is the central character, Gissing assumes all along the rightness of his heroes' attitudes. It is this that vitiates *New Grub Street* as a representation of the life of letters in the later years of the nineteenth century. It is this, too, that makes his novels so often appear as instances of special pleading for a special case. Through the Gissing man, therefore, we see the world as through a distorting lens; but it is a lens of extraordinary power.

And there is the exception: *Born in Exile*, which, frankly, one would rather see reprinted than *Ryecroft*. In the character of the proletarian intellectual Godwin Peake, who walks out of a brilliant career as a student in a northern college because his vulgar uncle proposes to open an eating-house bearing the name Peake opposite the college gates, Gissing created a true and wholly satisfying "objective correlative." He did so by stressing not the hyper-sensitiveness in his make-up, but the pride. Peake is a monster of egoism, but his is not the enervated egoism of *Ryecroft*. It is the egoism of the man who feels himself born in exile, robbed of his inheritance, and is determined to win his rights. Pride grips him like a passion. As a boy he nails his colours to the mast when he exclaims: "I hate low, uneducated people! I hate them worse than the filthiest vermin. . . . They ought to be swept off the face of the earth! All the grown-up people, who can't speak proper English and don't know how to behave themselves." As a man he throws down his challenge to society when he tells a friend: "My one supreme desire is to marry a perfectly refined woman. Put it in the correct terms: I am a plebeian, and I aim at marrying a lady." In the passionately felt character of Peake, with his remarkable career of intellectual dissimulation—for of his intellectual distinction we are never in the least doubt—Gissing approaches the intensity and power of the Russian novelists he admired.

* *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. By George Gissing. With an Introduction by Cecil Chisholm. *Phoenix House*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Elsewhere, his most successful characters are women—not ladies, because at the notion of ladies he tended to write as though in a swoon, but the working-class girls of *Thyrza* and *The Nether World*, Amy Reardon in *New Grub Street*, and, above all, the lower middle-class suburbanites of *In the Year of the Jubilee* and the gentlewomen in reduced circumstances of *The Odd Women*. In these two latter novels he achieved an objectivity that links him with the French Naturalists. In the one he explored vulgarity, in the other loneliness, and he explored both as thoroughly as they have ever been done in English. It is these two novels, together with *Born in Exile* and at a lower level *New Grub Street*, that make his distinctive contribution to our fiction.

WALTER ALLEN

THE RACE

A little before time we began our race.
Minute by minute the hours and days pursued us.
Behind us their plodding feet and their panting breath.
To right and left the animals came and viewed us,

Each from his den drawn out as the seasons ran,
Sign by sign, through the whirling zodiac:
The Lion with his harvest mane, the ranting Bull,
The Goat shivering winter off his back.

They watched us pass, but whether with praise or blame
Their shallow eyes looked on we could not tell.
Only a fetid vapour brushed our hands.
In violent spasms the landscape rose and fell,

Plain into mountain huddled, mountain plunged
Hissing into the saucers of the sea.
Somehow we kept our course. Though writhing roots
Tangled and tripped our feet, our wills were free.

Or seeming free . . . For always our hearts were torn
By dark dilemmas—whether to cleave the wind,
Or turning under the lee of some steep rock
Leave all the agony of the race behind

And there through quick mutations rob the slow
Centuries of their prize, the sapient years,
Till fallen upon our hands we crouched beside
A track grown empty—too dumb, too blind for tears!

This might have been. Often the toils were strong:
Circe clutched at our hearts in an evil dream,
The tang of lotus tingled upon our tongues,
The road twitched back and back to Lethe's stream.

What drove us on? Was it impersonal fate,
Or personal will cheating our huge despairs?
At last, in a rage of doubt, we flogged the beasts,
As though in the skulking privacy of their lairs

They had buried, past reach of memory or desire,
The talisman of our hope, like a secret bone.
Where is the truth? we cried. Their cringing eyes
Flung back the rebuke: Truth is the race you run!

And suddenly all—runner and witness, all
Manner of chance and choosing—had its place.
An immanent hand restarted the zodiac.
A little after the stars we began our race.

J. C. HALL

A FLIGHT OF FAREWELLS

An Italian Visit. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The poets of the Thirties were exhilarated travellers to new horizons. They were "future fans"—I quote from Mr. Day Lewis—and the future seemed chiefly to lie in the North. They were as much bound by a common slang as they were by a common emotion and they made Byronic faces at those who were not wearing the Party badge and who were left behind on the tarmac or at the bus stop. I take this squib which is let off in *An Italian Visit* under the heels of W.H.A.:

I'd not advise you to believe
There's a slick op. to end your grief
Or any nick-of-time reprieve.
For you, unlikely.

Now the horizons have contracted, the North has been given up by everyone in the group; the move is not away from the womb of civilisation, but back into it, in the South. Easier, one would say, for a Christian to survive a journey to Jerusalem than for a contemporary English poet to emerge singing from the Simplon tunnel, when the massed chorus of the anthologies rises to drown his voice. A chorus not only of poets: prose-writers, painters, historians join in. Henry James owns all Rome. Clough and his ladies occupy everything from the Spanish Steps to the shores of Como. These two alone—"James rubbing himself against Rome like a great tabby," Clough sceptically wiping his hands of the whole Italian beguilement—openly defend a copyright. It is with Clough, I imagine, that Mr. Day Lewis decided to negotiate. In a sense he has started where Clough left off, and one can read *An Italian Visit* as a modern *Amours de Voyage*. Yet what strikes the reader of this brilliant *nouvelle* is how original Mr. Day Lewis is. Clough's old Oxford trick of cool disengagement is not here. Mr. Day Lewis gives one the shock of physical pleasure which comes from a high vitality; he has virtuosity—perhaps too much—*élan* and a capacity for disturbance. Essentially an urbane poet, he is not stuck fast in conversation, but burnishes, melts from subject to subject with ruthlessness, delight and aplomb. He is a swift narrative poet, a master of mobile description; glows more, I think, in activity than in reflection. The section called *Flight to Italy* contains, in my opinion, the finest lines of the poem. There is the take off:

The winged bull trundles to the wired perimeter.
Cumbrously turns . . .
. . . Advances to the runway.
Halts again as if gathering heart
Or warily snuffing for picador cross-winds.
Then, then, a roar open-throated
Affronts the arena. Then fast, faster
Drawn by the magnet of his *idée fixe*.
Head down, tail up, he's charging the horizon.
And the grass of the airfield grows smooth as fur.

Or the panic over the Alps:

But now the engines have quickened their beat
And the fuselage pulsates, panting like a fugitive . . .
The atrocious Alps are upon us. Their ambush—
A primeval huddle, then a bristling and a heaving of
Brutal boulder-shapes, an uprush of Calibans—
Unmasks its white-fanged malice to maul us.
The cabin grows colder. Keep height my angel!
. . . Death's fan coquettishly
Tapping the cheek ere she turn to dance elsewhere.

And every brush with death "gives flesh a souvenir, a feel of resurrection." Mr. Day Lewis's poem is acted conversation, a *tour de force* on the brilliant, guesswork stage of talk.

The subject of the poem? What Italy will do to the poet's rival selves. There is the natural hedonist, too old to think new facts will give new sensations, but indeed coming back with senses delighted; there is the epicurean, the slogan-hater and reformed Puritan with his "decadent craving for perfection" who will watch for the rare ghosts that fly back from the ruins of antiquity; and there is the least satisfactory but honourable introspective self, the cosmic worrier, "whose conscience has him take the round world to pieces." He hopes his *Angst* will be confiscated and he *did* find in the end that

For one immeasurable moment the world's hands stood still
And the worm that ticks at the heart of the golden hoard was silent.

They are animated travellers. Emotion unifies them as they look at the great sights and they find one thing more to say about Rome and one more mood to say it in. In Florence, nonplussed by art, they prove their cleverness in a surprising collection of parodies. Of these the Yeats is superb, the Dylan Thomas far behind it, the Hardy peculiar and the Frost dull. They demonstrate that, in high spirits, Mr. Day Lewis is as clever at anticlimax as anyone, but I think they break the unity of the book which is to flower, before the end, in a full, sad, meditative farewell in love.

When we glance back at Clough do we feel that *An Italian Visit* succeeds as a novel in verse? Is it not really a holiday in verse? Something between the two. The sustaining quality in Clough was intellectual conflict and, in the end, he took his stand on isolation. However agreeable, ironical, sociable, he never went far from his fundamental austerity of mind. One doubts whether worry and anxiety have, in contemporary poetry, the same sustaining power. All the beauties of Mr. Day Lewis's poem come from the bursts of dramatic imagery or from the accidental glances back:

. . . that square
Might be humility's dewpond.

or

. . . and threading the eyes of bridges
Arno endlessly into the loom of oblivion flows.

He finds "the whole in elusive fragments," as every other poet of his generation has done. All is change, impermanence. On what part of this shifting ground can the poet establish his long poem? Can he establish it nowadays without

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personal obsession? If he lacks this, can he avoid the thoughtful man's uneasy, average touch? There are occasional banjo notes in Mr. Day Lewis's music, but let us call this exciting *tour de force* a flight of farewells rather than a novel.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW LIGHT ON THE HEAVENLY FRIAR

Fra Angelico. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Phaidon Press.* 3½ *gns.*

It is a pity that Mr. Pope-Hennessy had no space or inclination to include a detailed analysis of Angelico criticism from the early nineteenth century onwards. This would have made a reassuring story. Angelico was about the first medieval painter to be resurrected, long before Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites got going on the Quattrocento. He was carried forward on the wave of the religious revival which succeeded the Age of Reason. Here was the symbol that the nineteenth century was looking for: the angelic mystic, to whom life and art were one, who lived outside time and the world, who remained serenely indifferent to the new harsh science. This is the view of him that has been perpetuated in colour postcards of long angels floating on gold; so that even today when we visit his convent of San Marco, an effort is needed to realise that Angelico was living in the same city—then the most progressive in Europe—and at the same time as the giants Masaccio, Uccello and Domenico Veneziano.

So insipid had grown the legend of this devout friar that he was in danger of being forgotten or misunderstood by historians, who grasped that the best Florentine art of his time was scientific. But I said that the story was reassuring—and indeed recently Angelico has begun to emerge as a figure very much in the thick of things, quite well aware of the extraordinary events going on around him. This has at last earned him a dignified position in history. It is now no longer startling to mention his name in the same breath as his august contemporaries. As a youngish man, it is now said, his years of meditation, not in cells only but in the Brancacci Chapel, bore fruit in his figure compositions of the early 1430s. Far from being unconscious of his surroundings, he is credited with the first identifiable landscape in Italian art, a view of Lake Trasimene from Cortona. Even Piero himself as a boy in Florence is now said to have profited from contemplation of Angelico's fresh landscape backgrounds.

So the ground had already been cleared for a sensible monograph when Mr. Pope-Hennessy trained his careful scholarship on to Angelico. I doubt whether so excellent a book could have been written as little as twenty years ago. Though, of course, he parts company with other scholars on most points of detail, he borrows the recent interpretation of Angelico for the foundation of his study. Those familiar with the relevant literature (with the hints thrown out by Kenneth Clark in his books on Piero and on landscape, with Longhi's brilliant, bewildering essay on Masolino and Masaccio, with the section devoted to Angelico in Antal's *Florentine Painting*) will not be surprised to discover here that Angelico was by no means an isolated mystic, expressing in fresco a personal revelation rather as a follower of Savonarola might have been expected to do, but a member of a widespread movement for spiritual reform and bearer of its message. An attitude of extreme individualism would have been inconceivable in Florence at that period where yearly discoveries of the highest importance were being made; it is absurd to suppose that at the birth of a great idea, any artist of genuine originality would be in a position to stand to one side. Similarly, it no longer seems so strange to read that the *Christ on the Cross* in San Domenico depends on Masaccio's *Trinity* in Santa Maria Novella, or that the greatness of the Linaiuoli triptych of 1433 resides in the Nanni-like monumentality of the Saints on the wings rather than in the pretty angels around the frame, although the latter are the best known figures in Angelico's whole work.

Some of the most popular pictures ever painted are seen to be works of followers, and are relegated to a subsidiary section of the catalogue. The scrupulousness with which Mr. Pope-Hennessy has separated master from assistants, and sorted out the various hands responsible for the decoration of the cells at San Marco, is one of the chief merits of the book. From this sifting process, and from the hundreds of remarkable reproductions which can nowadays always be relied on to accompany any book published by the Phaidon Press, a new artist emerges, less picturesque but more dignified than the old, a kind of half-way house between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Thus far the new artist is a plausible figure. But I am puzzled how Mr. Pope-Hennessy, after having sketched in Angelico against the background of the best art of his day, after having claimed that it would be "difficult to contest the view" that his predella panels to the San Marco altarpiece formed, when assembled, "the most beautiful predella in the whole of Quattrocento painting"—how he can later, in his summing-up, class Angelico as a "reactionary artist" standing "in opposition to the painting of his time." How is it possible for the creator of a predella, which, we are told, is more beautiful than the predellas to Domenico Veneziano's altarpiece in the Uffizi, to Bellini's altarpiece in Pesaro, to Mantegna's altarpiece in Verona, to be in any sense of the word reactionary? I hold the old-fashioned view that you cannot be both reactionary and as good as all that.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

TWO TRAVELLERS IN ASIA

Journey to the Far Pacific. By THOMAS E. DEWEY. *Odhams Press.* 21*s.*

New World Arising. By HARRY HOPKINS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

To Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York, his visit to the Far Pacific—"forty-one thousand miles . . . seventeen republics, kingdoms, territories and colonies"—appeared as an extended check-up of his Mayors, his Mayors-designates, and potential Mayoral candidates. Were they loyal? Were their bases adequately equipped with the latest American atomic machinery? Was their manpower alert and their raw materials readily available? Mr. Dewey was rather well pleased with the Japanese. General MacArthur had "robbed the Communists of their most effective propaganda weapon . . . the promise of land reform." Men in all walks of life were convinced that "America must continue to maintain troops in Japan and Korea after an armistice or the Russians will move in again; that South-East Asia, the Philippines and Indonesia must remain free or Japan and the whole Pacific will be lost." How adaptable they were, these "yellow bastards" of the day before yesterday; the Prime Minister, discussing the orphanages for abandoned children of Japanese women and American G.I.s, smilingly said: "Well, the Japanese haven't had any new blood in twenty-five hundred years, and I don't believe it will do us any harm." Hiroshima provided no embarrassment; the centre of this atomically desolated city was now a "Memorial to Peace."

"Here is the flower of Chinese culture," Mr. Dewey says of Formosa; "the Chinese men and women who were educated in American universities and who understand freedom, respected elder statesmen, young political leaders, soldiers, scientists, scholars and poets," all of them with a "common determination to return to the mainland and liberate it from the Communist conqueror." As gourmands they were impressive; as hosts they delighted their guest with their claim that ravioli, served like a jellyfish, shaped like an oyster, "had been served in China for thousands of years before Marco Polo was born." As a competent fighting force to "free" China from Communism, Mr. Dewey was less impressed. But he concludes that "even if Nationalist China were as bad as its enemies paint it," he still favours them, and "if Chiang Kai-shek were as bad as his enemies claim he is, he would still be a thousand times better than Mao Tse-tung, who has been killing American boys in Korea."

Malaya, Hong Kong, Indonesia and Indo-China were also on the Governor's schedule; his visit to Malaya was painfully spoilt by a four-column streamer headline protest against an evicted Negro family "back home," but he was genuinely delighted with Malcolm Macdonald's easygoing friendship; in Hong Kong he concluded that nothing less than atomic artillery would be enough to hold back the "Chinese hordes"; the difficulties facing Indonesia seemed overwhelming, and Dutch propaganda convinced him that the Dutch were still indispensable; Indo-China, strategically the most important country in South-East Asia, was "the cornerstone of the cornerstone" of America's Pacific defences.

Governor Dewey is a farmer as well as an unofficial strategist, and his talks with the farmers and peasants are human and real. Even in a "dog-house" in Korea, the soldier who came off duty "turned out to be a farm boy from Minnesota," and they "talked dairy cows over a glass of beer." When the General arrived to take the Governor to dinner, he joined in the discussion. Farmer Dewey was an interesting traveller. Governor Dewey made just one more routine check-up of America's plans in the "cold war."

In *New World Arising* Harry Hopkins describes a journey which began in Hong Kong and ended in India. To him it was a voyage of discovery through the new nations of South-East Asia. The paths of the American Governor and the British journalist crossed once—in Djakarta. The famous German banker, Dr. Schacht was there too, engaged on an examination of Indonesian economy. A member of Governor Dewey's party concluded that "Indonesia is a good country to stay away from"; the hotel shower didn't work, the food was terrible, the waiters didn't speak English, his camera was stolen. Dr. Schacht said: "In just a few years, you will see vunders in this country, you will see vunders." "For once," says Mr. Hopkins, "I found myself inclined to agree with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht."

The theme of *New World Arising* is that the centre of gravity has shifted to Asia. A Third Force may have been written off in Europe, but "in much of Asia it is still a basic reality." Harry Hopkins, a personal, sympathetic traveller, saw the problems of South-East Asia, not as part of the "cold war" but as an epic fight against poverty and disease, undernourishment and shortage of food, archaic methods of agriculture and medicine. The heroes were young men and women with more enthusiasm than experience. The victory of Nationalism had not automatically produced more rice, more land, more schools, more medicines. Not that the problem was confined to material things; the Communists, seeing the chance to put forward their own solution, employed pavement hawkers to sell well-bound volumes of *The Life of Stalin* in the streets of Calcutta at tenpence a copy. More and more Indian delegations were visiting China, making comparisons between the speed of social revolution in the two countries.

In India, Mr. Hopkins concluded, the battle is still to come; since Gandhi's death, the conflict of interests has begun to move nearer the surface. "It will be," he writes, "the test-case for social democracy, not only in India, but through South-East Asia." Every observant traveller will agree with his statement that "the new nations of South-East Asia want neither the Chinese Way, nor the Russian Way, nor the American Way; they want only their own Way and they want it passionately; the Indonesian Way, the Ceylonese Way, the Burmese Way." He illustrates it in a variety of interviews which give *New World Arising* human as well as documentary value. It is the liveliest and the shrewdest book which has yet been written on the subject. I recommend it to Governor Dewey.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BIOGRAPHIES

Sir John Hawkins. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Edited by FREDERICK W. HILLES. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Ladies' Chain. By NEVILLE BLACKBURNE. *Falcon Press.* 21*s.*

The Sir John Hawkins who occupied an inconspicuous place in the background of the great literary world of the eighteenth century would probably be buried in oblivion by now, had he not inspired Dr. Johnson to add a new adjective to the English language; he is the first "unclubable" man on record. Johnson's opinion of Hawkins was shared by most of his contemporaries. Penurious, mean and grovelling, obstinate and contentious, detestable, malignant, a most insolent and worthless fellow, were some of the epithets attached to him by others of his acquaintance. But Sir John was responsible for the first History of Music to be published in England. Horace Walpole, his neighbour at Twickenham, had suggested the subject to him; after sixteen years of research five massive volumes appeared in 1776—and met with instant derision from the discerning public. The book was denounced as pretentious, chaotic, prejudiced, repetitious, amateurish and not even up to date. (Haydn, for example, is not so much as mentioned, and the author admitted he had not been to an opera for twenty years.) Moreover, the days of its originality were numbered; within a few years the work was superseded in its own field by Dr. Burney's masterpiece. Yet Sir John Hawkins has his misbegotten musical history to thank for the distinction of a full-length biography now tardily conferred upon him. For, were it not for his connection with music and his rivalry with Dr. Burney, it is unlikely that Dr. Scholes would have been tempted to write an account of the life and times of this disagreeable man.

It is hard to believe that any study of such an unprepossessing character could provide much of interest. But readers of *The Great Doctor Burney* can testify to Dr. Scholes's felicitous touch in biography; and as an accomplished musician he can be trusted to bring out the latent possibilities in the dullest score. In the composition of Sir John Hawkins it must be admitted that, apart from his many failings, dullness predominated. He was born in 1719, of poor parents, and articled as clerk to an attorney. As a youth he devoted his spare time to music and literature; he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, met Handel, and formed a friendship with John Stanley, the blind organist. While still a young attorney he joined Dr. Johnson's first club at the King's Head, and remained a member until the club faded out. He had not yet developed his unclubable manners. At the age of 33 he married, presumably for money, as six years later his wife inherited a fortune of £2,000 a year. It was upon attaining his ambition to be one of the landed gentry that the true Hawkins came out. He became a gentleman of leisure at Twickenham, where he edited Izaak Walton, bullied his children, and sat on the bench of magistrates. He was invited to join Johnson's Literary Club but was soon forced to resign, after insulting Burke and refusing to pay his share of the wine bill. As Chairman of the Middlesex magistrates he disapproved of the *leniency* of the law; and when the time came to show his mettle in the Gordon Riots, discreetly withdrew from the danger zone. All the same he importuned the Government for a knighthood as a reward for his services on the bench until he obtained one. After Dr. Johnson's death he presumed to write a Life of him, a work that has suffered a similar fate to his History of Music, for within a few years it was utterly eclipsed by Boswell. This is the bleak outline of Sir John's career. But Dr. Scholes handles the forbidding theme with such suave dexterity, so much personal expression and adds so many delightful grace-notes of learning that no one with any feeling for the period can fail to appreciate his rendering of Sir John Hawkins.

That period—the late eighteenth century—has bequeathed such a forest of documentation to us that no one who is not a scholar in good training dare now venture into the jungle. Dr. Scholes threads his way there with firm and springy step. Across the Atlantic, however, the pundits of English literature run in danger of becoming muscle-bound by their own erudition. The latest treasures to be disgorged by the Yale editorial board from the Malahide *cache* of Boswelliana in its possession consist of some of Sir Joshua Reynolds's papers, which appear to have come into Boswell's hands because at one time he was proposing to write a Life of Sir Joshua. But the original matter now published for the first time in *Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds* is so overlaid with ponderous exegesis and eked out with subsidiary items of Reynoldsiana that the average reader may be inclined to pull a face at the solemnity of the proceedings. Of the 181 well-spaced pages in this handsome quarto, 105 are assigned to the text, half as much again to the appendices, while index and source references account for another 14. Sir Joshua's two character sketches of Goldsmith and Garrick, the *raison d'être* of the book, occupy a mere 17 pages of majestic print.

Garrick's character is summed up by Sir Joshua in a few hostile lines. His vanity as a consummate actor never allowed him to be natural; he rehearsed as much for social life as for the stage; his entrances and particularly his exits from a room were always carefully stage-managed: consequently he had a vast and appreciative audience of acquaintance, and "died without a friend." Goldsmith too, according to Sir Joshua, suffered from inordinate vanity but in such an obvious, childish way as to cause no offence. His perpetual desire was to shine in public, yet, being utterly different from Garrick, he could never remember his part. As soon as the conversation started he lost his head and made a fool of himself. Yet, for all his absurdity, Goldsmith was sought after for his entertainment value. "Wherever he was there was no yawning." The Yale editors have given us a thick nut to crack, but the kernel makes amends for the trouble.

Ladies' Chain treats of the same period and somewhat later, but in less serious vein. Mr. Blackburne's avowed intention is to trace the beginnings of modern female emancipation through the careers of remarkable women, from 1780 to 1830. In practice this scheme has devolved into a dozen or more potted biographies of the leading Bluestockings and famous political hostesses of the time. Short biographies, to be satisfactory, demand more than a re-hash of old facts. Judicious selection, distinction of prose, and, if possible, an original line of approach are desirable. Of these, Mr. Blackburne certainly does not lack originality. In suitable cases he courageously enters into his heroines' feelings, presumably by the exercise of some sympathetic faculty. For instance, when dealing with Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire he seems to know just what it must have been like for a gay girl to have a cold middle-aged Duke for a husband. It is a pity he does not dare get inside Lady Holland and inform us what Old Madagascar felt like.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

UP AND DOWN HILL

The Cuillin of Skye. By B. H. HUMBLE. *Hale.* 30*s.*

British Crags and Climbers. Edited by E. C. PYATT and WILFRID NOYCE. *Dobson.* 21*s.*

The Story of Ski-ing. By ARNOLD LUNN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

Hairy tweeds and a deerstalker, a heavy coil of rope and an ice-axe—these, met fifty years ago on the Bristly Ridge of Glyder Fach, or on the track up to Sty Head, would almost certainly have indicated a member of the professional classes: a member, too, of the Alpine Club, or the Scottish Mountaineering Club, or the Climbers' Club, and very probably a Fellow of Trinity or Balliol. There can be no such assurance about the climber met today on British hills—jungle-trousered, wind-jacketed, slung with loops of nylon rope, a snap-link clinking at his belt. He may be a don, a schoolmaster, a member of the A.C., or even of the Athenaeum: he may equally well be a fitter from Clydeside, or a colliery clerk from Northumberland. "He" may not even be a man at all, but a waitress, a typist, or an occupational therapist: we all look much the same on the hills these days.

This transformation of climbing, from the esoteric pursuit of a coterie to a genuinely popular recreation, underlies both *The Cuillin of Skye* and *British Crags and Climbers*. Mr. Humble has produced a very lively history of climbing in Skye, whose prime appeal will certainly be for those to whom the Post Office at Glen Brittle, or Mary Campbell's tin shack, are as holy ground as, for those with different holiday tastes, the Deux Magots or Florian's. But there is a good deal in it to interest a wider circle: it turns out, for instance, that the first known tourist to climb to the top of Blaven was Algernon Charles Swinburne, in 1857.

Most of the earlier travellers to the Cuillin came, like Scott and Turner, to admire the awful glories of Loch Coruisk, and the great age of Skye rock-climbing did not begin till 1880 when the Pilkington brothers startled the natives by climbing the Inaccessible Pinnacle of Sgurr Dearg. After them, Professor Norman Collie and the gillie John Mackenzie set about a patient and thorough exploration of the Cuillin; and since then not a ridge, buttress or rock-face on that wonderful eight-mile horseshoe of gabbro, has not been appraised and explored, and the accents of Lancashire and Clydeside now echo, in season, round corries once visited only by the occasional shepherd or stalker. Mr. Humble puts great gusto into the telling of all this, though his style is not very elegant, and the text doesn't come up to the standard of the seventy beautiful, informative and entertaining photographs.

For their anthology of climbing, Mr. Pyatt and Mr. Noyce have relied largely on club journals, and have collected about fifty achievements and predicaments on British hills, from Professor Tyndall in a storm on Helvellyn to the latest piton-and-hammer climb on Cwm Silin.

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Although mostly written for a smallish circle of fellow-addicts, and occasionally showing it in the private joke or specialist facetiousness, nearly all the extracts stand up well to book form and between them give the outsider a very good idea of the mountain pleasures to be found in these islands. Other climbers will be reminded of their own good days on Lliwedd, Ben Nevis and Pillar, and reminded too of the heroes of their craft: of Haskett-Smith, making the first, solitary ascent of the Napes Needle; of Owen Glynne-Jones leading up the icy wall of Walker's Gully ("I blessed the previous three months' monotonous training with heavy dumb-bells"); of Botterill delicately proceeding up the Slab on Scafell that immortalises his name ("Not wishing to part with my axe I seized it between my teeth . . ."). He will note the changes in emphasis and technique, the different twist each generation has given to the sport, the astonishing raising of standards.

Ski-ing as we know it today is a sport with a rather shorter history than rock-climbing, though a ski competition for soldiers was held in Christiania in 1767. It, too, has rapidly been transformed, as Sir Arnold Lunn puts it, "from a sport of a few eccentrics into the greatest, most popular of national sports"—in, at any rate, those countries blessed with a steady snowfall. Even in this country—where the fact that you really have to buy a foreign travel ticket to ski limits its appeal—ski-ing is being taken up in a big way: witness the schemes of the Central Council for Physical Education for sending parties very cheaply to Norway by chartered aircraft, after such preliminary instruction as can be given at home without snow. Sir Arnold Lunn does not mention this post-war development, nor is he, one gathers, much concerned with the sociological aspect of his subject. His story, which appears in the golden jubilee year of the Ski Club of Great Britain, is really that of this Club, of the Kandahar and Downhill Only, of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, and of all the races, competitions, championships in Switzerland, Norway and elsewhere in which he has been himself involved as competitor, organiser or judge. But he has a nice sense of period and brings vividly before us the handful of British who introduced skis to Switzerland in the 1880s and 1890s—among them the daughter of J. Addington Symonds, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who skied over the hills from Davos to Arosa in 1894. (Describing this tour in the *Strand Magazine*, he revealed that his party went down the steeper slopes "by lashing the skis together, turning them into a kind of toboggan.") Sir Arnold gives us the feel of these light-hearted days of the Twenties when Antony Knebworth and his friends took everything direct, demonstrated that even international racing could be fun, and beat the Swiss on their own ground; and comments on the increasing organisation of later days with the proliferation of ski-schools, *téléfériques* and ski-lifts. Where early pioneers, himself included, had seen ski-ing as a way of winter travel among mountains, the current popular conception of the term is really limited to whizzing at speed down a prepared track of beaten snow.

Old controversies boom away as a ground bass; about the introduction of downhill races and slaloms (Sir Arnold's own invention); about German attempts to dominate the F.I.S. before the war, and Russian attempts since. All this talk of arguments and withdrawals may seem pretty remote to the modest skier who goes off at this time of year to enjoy sun and fresh powder snow in the company of a friend or two; he may also feel that the author dwells excessively on Mürren and Wengen and a handful of other resorts. But it is no use expecting Arnold Lunn to be sober, judicious, comprehensive, fair. As always he is breathless, lively, irreverent, repetitious, usually astride a hobby horse, and never so happy as when fighting old ski battles over again.

JANET ADAM SMITH

TO THE BOXROOM

Two or Three Graces. By MISIA SERT. Translated by MOURA BUDBERG. *Museum Press.* 18*s.*

There is something peculiarly exasperating about the spectacle of someone well placed to illumine the obscurities of history, and, instead, turning inarticulate or incoherent. I once knew an Englishman who had known fantastic adventures in the Budapest of Bela Kun; but, pressed to describe them, he would do no more than mumble into his Worthington: "You never saw such a do!" Fate and a comfortable income placed Misia Sert at the heart of almost every artistic movement to capture Paris between the epoch of the Dreyfus trial and the 1940 armistice; Renoir and Vuillard painted her, made passes at her; Lautrec got drunk in her house; Mallarmé composed on a fan for her a verse that ingeniously rhymed her Christian name with "*t'initia.*" Her memoirs are a vast boxroom, cluttered up with highly distinguished litter, and for all her volubility this book, dictated just before she died in 1949, contributes no more to history than could my inarticulate Englishman.

At first sight one might take her book for a mere piece of café society pretention. Yet it is not to be so lightly dismissed; for if it throws little fresh light upon the great, it does bring before us the phenomenon that was Misia Sert. What qualities won her the friendship of genius? She was neither dazzlingly beautiful nor staunchly loyal; her conversation was more barbed than brilliant, and one is not wholly convinced by Madame Karsavina's tribute in her Foreword to a "fastidious taste." Misia Sert seems, for instance, to have attached genuine importance to the grandiloquent and now forgotten murals of her Catalan husband; and for her Sauguet or Auric were composers quite as great as Stravinsky. Nowhere in her book does one perceive a very discerning eye. Yet Mallarmé was devoted to her, Mallarmé, that most fastidious of men. Perhaps an Egeria does not necessarily need sensibility?

As one reads, the ghost of her slowly materialises across the boxroom. Then an evasion, a reticence that seems oddly to smack of dishonesty, blurs her again. At one moment she is almost embarrassingly candid about her odd triangular relationship to her divorced husband and his beautiful young second wife; then the dust of discretion comes, not surprisingly, between her and her readers. Yet though dust and cobwebs are all you may count on finding in the boxroom, it is not easy to go downstairs again till the last battered senseless trunk has been turned out. Even the vulgarity of her attack upon Stravinsky commands an irritated attention.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

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The Mountains Remain. By TASAKI. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

SPQR. By PAUL HYDE BONNER. *Derek Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Upon Several Occasions is the most satisfying novel to appear for a long time; in fact, it is quite delicious. None of the elements of good fiction is lacking here. Miss Berridge has a story to tell and she is not ashamed, as many of her colleagues would appear to be, of entertaining the reader. She has an eye for the beauty of humble and familiar things and a gift for expressing it in a language sharp yet delicate. She has a quiet, wicked sense of humour, and she is writing of what she knows. Her characters are widely assorted and each figures in his or her own right: a rare thing, particularly welcome in a tale of village life where laughable yokels are all too often introduced to set off Church and County.

The story is laid on the Welsh Border, in one of those tiny places where under the tranquil surface human nature in the raw may best be studied. A barmaid, ousted from her functions by her mother because for once the gossip in the bar was worth listening to, "remembered grimly how her mother's health had perked up when the Scatchered girl had been pushed under the train by one of the wild Cadwallader boys." This natural malevolence is heightened by the presence of two conflicting strains, the English and Church-going led by their peppery Rector, the Welsh and Chapel behind their eloquent and sanctimonious minister, who is one of the richest personalities in the book. The Rector's wife has only to arrange an outing for her Women's League and the wily dissenter counters immediately with one for his Youth Club, to the same place and on the same day. Yet is he wholly devoid of the instincts of a gentleman? When he comes on the Rector up in the mountains lustily carolling his improvised psalm: "As for all the gods of the puddings, they are but idols, they would barter the Lord for a cup of tea and gossip . . . tell it out among the puddings that the Lord is King," he could scarcely have avoided hearing those frightful words; but he made not the least reference to them.

Sorrow and joy, hope and despair, swiftly follow each other. The girl Mady is one of those fanciful people who, crushed by their circumstances, take refuge in a world of dreams. She meets and marries another such; and the shock of finding him out, of learning that he was never a Commando, never a prisoner of the Japanese, had never dallied with almond-eyed beauties in Singapore, is too great for her. She is discovered drowned in a pool. Since there is no proof of suicide, she is allowed Christian burial, and this leads to one of the most moving passages in the book. For some time the Rector has been not so much losing his faith as feeling it dry within him, like the sap in an ageing tree. The scene where, standing by the grave of this poor foolish woman, he finds the power to give an address as triumphant as it is beautiful, is drawn with an exquisite tenderness.

CHILDREN LOST

THE DESPERATE SEARCH

a novel by

Arthur Mayse

The author achieves and maintains an almost unbearable tension in this novel. Two young children are the sole survivors of an air-crash in the wilds. A cougar hunts them while the frantic father searches desperately for them. *Feb. 9th. 10 6 net*

HARRAP

Miss Berridge has only to write a sentence or two and her people are there, bursting with life. The characters that assemble for *The Easter Party* seem to have been cut out and pasted up against a conventional country-house setting. There is the brilliant, inhuman Q.C.: the brain specialist, his brother, cruel to him only to be kind: Rose, wife of the Q.C., who loves him so madly she consents to be his wife in name only: Rose's kindly muddled sister, her sensible husband and their clear-eyed, clean-limbed son: a society woman, frivolous and immoral, but sound at heart: and a stage butler who never wavers in his devotion to the Family, although he is a Communist. There is also an Alsatian dog of exceptional intelligence, we are told, whose views on the whole bunch might have been interesting. The book is written with great sincerity and feeling and contains a lot of highly polished, if lifeless, prose.

Tasaki has already written one novel in English, *Along the Imperial Way*, which described very sensitively the life of Takeo, a private soldier in the Japanese Army. In this new book Takeo returns to civilian life in his defeated country. The title is taken from the saying, "Though a nation crumbles, the mountains remain." The first few pages transport us to the crazy Tokyo of shortly after the war. Takeo suffers the indignity of having to ask his younger sister, Ko-ume the geisha, for the loan of fifty thousand yen. He needs it for a black-market deal; and this being successfully carried through, he is able to repay it and still buy a farm from Count Imayama. On that one dishonest transaction he builds a new and honest life. Ko-ume is deperately in love with Minoru, the Count's son, who is enamoured of her but dare not provoke his family's displeasure by marrying a geisha; and when he accepts the bride of his father's choosing, Ko-ume throws herself from a cliff. Takeo, on the other hand, obtains the Count's blessing on his marriage with Minora's sister, far below her as he is.

That is the bare bone of the story, and it is unfolded with a Japanese tranquillity and grace. No matter how the people in it are torn with passion or misery, the face they present to the world is almost invariably controlled and courteous. Some of the portraits are memorable: the Countess is a perfect example of the humble, fastidious, patient women of Japan: Kazuo the peasant, who returns from the Siberian prison stuffed with Marxism, only to find the traditional loyalties too strong, personifies its confused and searching youth.

Gentle, very gentle, fun is poked at the Occupation now and again. There is an entrancing description of the eminent people met to discuss Feminine Emancipation, busily scribbling notes of what must have sounded to them the sorriest nonsense. And the new religion of Jimbei, the Count's faithful but superstitious henchmen, might have saddened the hearts of some in G.H.Q.

> "We are looking to gather a million followers," Jimbei continued. "There has been a message from the Other World saying that if a million people read the Five Section Scriptures morning and night for one whole week, the Occupation Forces will leave."

Opening *SPQR* at random, I came on the following: "Ben was a florid, amiable journalist who made an excellent living in defence of the under-dog." This interested me, especially since all the American journalists I know come under this heading, and I started the book in high hopes. It turned out to be something of a disappointment.

Lovat Fraser is First Secretary of the American Embassy in Rome. He is no rube, but a cultured and sophisticated gentleman, sensitive to tradition and atmosphere, and able to get to the Tre Scalini by himself: in fact, a Roman. All this, which is rubbed in at some length, he proves by leaping on the beautiful Duchess of Lanza and getting her with child: soon after which, feeling nervous for his career, he gives her the chuck. He is also a great help to Monsignor Walsh, a jovial Irish-American priest who divides his time between confessing the elegant ladies of Rome and, rather more probably, nosing after Communist plots. So useful indeed is Lovat here that he gets a better job back home and sails away with the American-born widow of a well-known Fascist, whom he plans to marry.

But Italy has got right under his skin, and he will come back one of these days, no doubt: Romans usually do: and next time perhaps he will learn to spell the Italian word for "goodbye."

HONOR TRACY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Congo Pilgrim. By MERLYN SEVERN. *Museum Press.* 18s.

Everyone who came across the recent M.-G.-M. film of *King Solomon's Mines* must have found some consolation for ineptitude in its glimpses of native life. Rider Haggard had been reduced to trash, but there really had been an expedition in Central Africa to one of its most fascinating parts: the small mountain kingdom of Ruanda-Urundi, to the east of the Belgian Congo. The tall warrior dancers who stole the picture from its unlucky pale-faces were the Batutsi, a ruling caste of Hamitic origin, who invaded from the north-east in A.D. 400 and adopted the language of those they had conquered, thus tantalisingly covering their tracks. In looks and in certain habits (such as mummification) they most resemble the ancient Egyptians. The long-horned cattle, which they brought with them and which still form the basis of a feudal system, also suggest Egyptian bas-reliefs. They remain, despite peace, bricks, and trousers, a race of natural aristocrats. Towards them, out of darkest London (Cheyne Walk, as a matter of fact), Miss Severn felt the irresistible propulsion of the ideal. She gave up a good job to wander for three years about "the spiritual wilderness" of South Africa, before an assignment from *Picture Post* brought her the chance of visiting Ruanda-Urundi.

Congo Pilgrim describes her journey: aeroplane thoughts, interviews with officials, the pursuit of the *évolué* (educated African), investigation of "conditions," the discovery of dancers, elephant tamers, clinics, choirs, landscape. All that she saw speaks well of Belgian colonial rule. It is good journalism with a heart; more than good are the photographs, thirty-six of them, which include the splendid "Head of a Matutsi Chief" and five quite magical impressions of forest from an ascent of the Mountains of the Moon. This ascent and the account of the almost legendary Batutsi must make every reader wish Miss Severn the luck of a second, more prolonged visit: and she should give that camera of hers all it needs.

London Calling North Pole. By H. J. GISKES. *Kimber.* 15s.

"An Incredible Disclosure," exclaims the wrapper, "by the Former Chief of German Counter-Espionage in Holland." The disclosure is this. In March, 1942, a British agent named Lauwers, who had been in wireless communication with London, was arrested and persuaded by Herr (then Major) Giskes to transmit his last three messages. From that point German Counter-Espionage took over, arranged with London for men and materials to be dropped, arrested the men, appropriated the materials. The place of every man thus captured was taken by a German who returned regular messages, and thus a completely fictitious network of British agents was kept in operation. So successful were these methods that in twenty months nearly two hundred British agents had been dropped into the laps of the Germans and twelve bombers shot down. It would seem that, if the course of the war had depended upon a blow directed against Holland, we should have walked straight into the trap. We did so at Arnhem—another of Herr Giskes's triumphs, though not part of the operation *Nordpol* outlined above. He it was who struck a bargain with "King Kong," the notorious Belgian Resistance leader, whose duplicity we only recognised when it was too late. All along this particular line, in fact, the British Secret Service in London seems to have been disgracefully defeated.

Of course this is only Herr Giskes's version, backed by a long statement from E. M. G. Lauwers, the agent originally captured. He claims to have sent a number of checks (already agreed on) and warnings, all of which were disregarded by London. The extraordinary thing is that our Secret Service should not have sought to corroborate events in Holland by sending its own investigator. There may be a sufficient answer to the charges of incompetence; if so, everyone who reads *London Calling North Pole* with a mixture of admiration and dismay will be delighted to hear it. Meanwhile, coolly and to all appearances convincingly, Herr Giskes holds the field. His account starts off with a somewhat muddling description of the personalities and organisations involved, but with *Nordpol* gets well into its stride. Like all Secret Service aces who write memoirs, its author seems infallible, and, being a German, comes out of it well daubed with his own whitewash.

The Local Government Service. By J. H. WARREN. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Skilfully, valuably and fortunately, this book does very nearly what its distinguished author, in his Introduction, promises not to do: it provides a manual of Local Government Service conditions, a guide to the various careers the Service now offers, and an account of its almost limitless concern for the public welfare. Having already contributed to this interesting "Town and County Hall Series" (which he is editing) one admirable little book on *The English Local Government System*, Mr. Warren here sets himself to write about the tasks which this body of public servants is called upon to perform, the developments (chiefly trade unionism) that have established its national standard of qualification and employment, and the relationship of its officers to the citizens whose needs they serve. It would have been difficult in any case to do this without partially repeating the earlier book, but Mr. Warren has not been able to resist putting in as if they were second thoughts a good many additional matters that appertain rather to the "system" than to the "service."

He gives, moreover, an interesting account of the origins and development of N.A.L.G.O., which, although it excludes the manual workers, the teachers, and the police, is the largest organisation of black-coated workers in the world (Mr. Warren is its general secretary); and he presents a horrifying portrait of the wretchedly paid nineteenth-century Cratchitts who plied their municipal quills in an atmosphere of nepotism, semi-darkness, and inverted snobbery. Then, lest one should feel too happily that those days are dead and gone, he gives in Appendix A (without comment) the surprisingly small salaries paid to Local Government Officers today. It seems that he himself may be unaware how valuable his work could be, for he writes with gratification of the great extent to which Local Government "draws ordinary citizens into actual participation in the process of government." The vast bulk of "ordinary citizens" do not even know what the phrase means.

Sculpture. By ARNOLD AUERBACH. *Elek.* 18s.

"Whether sculpture be made in the likeness of anything else outside itself or not, that descriptive likeness is never its essential sculptural quality. Its essential quality, the quality which is its irreducible quality, resides in its own physical shape and the feelings which may be aroused by the sort of order which that shape establishes. For that order, that physical relationship of the masses, the planes, the lines—its form—is the representative of the spirit of its maker." These sentences, on the old chicken-egg and form-content problem, are printed in italics in the concluding chapter of this book, and sum up the author's approach to his subject. The rubbery style, in which they are written, also gives one some idea of how tiring the book is to read. Mr. Auerbach, however, is a sculptor himself and consequently the book is intelligent in so far as it avoids dilettante mistakes. Beginning with Prehistoric carvings, it comes, in 50 pages, via Egypt, Assyria, the Renaissance and the Baroque, to examine and interpret, within another 50 pages, the work of Rodin, Maillol, Despiau, Epstein, Dobson, Zadkine, Archipenko, etc. There are 67 photographic illustrations and the book is cleanly printed and produced.

But, in the end, one asks why? An intense poetic

insight, original scholarship, a new way of amalgamating the subject with life as a whole—these are justification for writing yet another general book on sculpture. As it is, Mr. Auerbach is sensible, a little parochial, wordy, kindly and dull. One cannot help thinking that his own work as an artist would itself make a far happier introduction to the subject than this book—whose only final advantage over half a dozen others is that it is now easily available.

Problems of Nationalised Industry. Edited by WILLIAM A. ROBSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

With Dr. Robson as editor and *rapporteur*, fourteen studies of the problems of recently nationalised industries are contributed to this volume by a panel of distinguished political economists, ranging from Professor G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Austen Albu, M.P., to Professor Sargant Florence and as far to the Right as Sir Arthur Salter. Between them, they conduct a pretty comprehensive dissection: they deal with methods of organisation; the vexed question of price policy in a state monopoly; and the whole field of relations between management and both consumers and employees. With the exception of Sir Arthur Salter, who is clearly hostile to the whole idea of public control of industry, the essays (six of which originally appeared in the *Political Quarterly*) reach conclusions which enable Dr. Robson to assert that "the outlook for Britain's nationalised industries is generally favourable . . . infinitely more favourable than it would have been if those industries had remained in private ownership."

None of the authors would claim that all the problems have yet been solved: it is by no means clear yet that a happy mean has been found between the virtues of centralised planning and undue rigidity of bureaucratic management. The least satisfying aspect of this book is its failure to deal more constructively with the labour problem. Pious hopes are placed in the system of joint consultation; but Professor Robson admits himself that a solution to the problem of incentives, both in large-scale capitalist enterprise and in nationalised industries, is elusive.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,198

Set by Pibwob

It is generally asserted that the myth-making faculty of the ancient Greeks is a lost art. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to invent a myth about the Flying Saucers. Limit, 150 words. Entries by February 17th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,195

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a "character" of Lloyd George, Baldwin or Ramsay MacDonald by any one of the following: Tacitus, Clarendon, Gibbon, Greville, Macaulay or Carlyle. Limit 200 words.

Report by Thomas Tusher

An unusually large Beta-Double plus entry which, alas, contained not a single Greville or Clarendon contribution. Does no one any longer read the *Journal* or the *History of the Great Rebellion*? Most competitors rightly realised I was after something that would stand for an authentic "character" and not a mere light-hearted parody of Macaulayese or Gibbonian antithesis. Carlyle was by far the favourite choice but there were some nice variations on Macaulay. I particularly liked D.H.'s "Nature had endowed him [Ramsay MacDonald] with a disposition woven of many diverse threads, of which the brightest was ambition and the darkest, vanity." Also, John Digby on Baldwin:

> His publicists . . . assiduously promoted the belief that the Prime Minister's heart was elsewhere than in Downing Street; that only a profound sense of public duty kept him—like Walpole from the coverts at Houghton, and Grey from the bird-haunted solitudes of Northumberland—from the orchards of his demesne on the Marches.

The most interesting feature of this entry was the burst of urbane and erudite Latinity evoked by Tacitus. I had no idea that *N.S. & N.* readers kept up their classics so companionably. B. J. Ellis, D. M. Lewis, A. Jacob, Guy Kendall, A. W. and Ronald Hill are all highly commended. The latter, who addressed his entry "*Thomae Tushero S.P.D.*," won high Lifemanship marks for explaining that "*sponsae* as a subjunctive genitive recalls many an ambush from which I have been routed in the past." Neill MacCarmaig gave a neat turn to his fellow-countryman's "on and on and on and up and up and up." He also provided an amusing variant on *capax imperii*:

> Mira eloquentia prioris aetatis deserebat provectam: unde ridiculum illud "Sursum et in altiora" quod sub finem vitae balbutiebat senex: namque usque eo delirationis progressus ut nihil cum haberet quod diceret, diceret tamen. Maior privato visus dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax honorum nisi impetrasset.

Prize money to be divided equally between the entries printed below.

LLOYD GEORGE (Carlyle)

Admirable was that of the old Romans, *via media*—which Dryasdust may gloss, may annotate, ponder, emend as he will—of which notwithstanding whose crabbed inkpot-and-quill mutterings the *meaning* we cannot mistake—the *meaning*, I repeat, of *way-in-midst*, as the learned German hath it—and which this our latter-day "Statesman" hath woefully forgotten or most damnably ignored, who ranteth platform-hoisted to *sansculottes* of still tankard-wet lips, telling of *budgets!*

Cometh he (mark him!) the whiskered meteor *Silver-tongue*, from beyond the Marches—from Cymric fastness of steep pasture and black mine-chasm—cometh to Thames-side, and taketh seat among *O. E. Tie*. And as though, Honourable Members gnash, this were not enough, Whiskered Meteor turns comet—climbs constellations—flaming tail of *Social Legislation* parching rich mesne, centuries-nurtured park, to egalitarian desert of sterility! Armageddon wreathes his brow with bay—he

WHERE TO STAY

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plucks grocers from their counters dripping fatness and fills with them the ranks of chivalry—*O. E. Tie, new-poor, mocks and screams—*

He becomes *Earl.*

Silver-tongue, didst knock down to squat among ruins?—O darnel-weed! to dwell in the garden thou hast blasted? Art turned, in the end, *snob?*

R. E. LONGRIGG

LLOYD GEORGE (Macaulay)

When the laver's black and gleaming,
When the *shincyn's* piping hot,
When the *tiesen lap* is cooling,
And the *cawl* is in the pot,
With weeping and with laughter,
Still is the story told
Of how one Welshman fought the fight
In the brave days of old.
"There was the lad for *hwyl*, boys,
The lad with the golden tongue,
The terror of the Tories
When the oldest here was young."
Though the Kaiser's long forgotten,
Beneath the swinging lamps
They will live again the Battle
Of the Sticking of the Stamps,
And tell again the story—
More than once and more than twice—
Of Wales's little whirlwind
Running rings around the *Sais.*

ELAINE MORGAN

LLOYD GEORGE (Gibbon)

The Celt has always esteemed oratory as an exalted art, and no conclave will overawe one who has regularly imbibed the dramatic cadences of a Welsh pulpit. The public utterances addressed by Lloyd George to friend and foe never failed to stir the enthusiasm of the one while exacerbating the animosity of the other. Opponents have credited him merely with a meretricious rhetoric, but the percipient will reflect with amusement that the gift of cogent speech is despised only by those to whom Nature has refused it. The candid chronicler will nevertheless confess that the frankness of his manner often concealed the artifice of his intentions, and that he was apt to indulge a certain gross relish for vituperation* at the expense of the more engaging quality of orotund elegance.

In his later years he returned, a second Cincinnatus, to the soil, and the student of history may dwell with surprise upon the probability that his name will be familiar to succeeding generations, not as the architect of a barren victory, but as the propagator of a raspberry.

* The curious reader is referred to a pamphlet, published in 1909 at the price of one penny, reporting a speech at Limehouse.

LESLIE JOHNSON

STANLEY BALDWIN (Carlyle)

Not, truly, Nation-Sustainer, this apotheosis of the Inactive: Gentleman to the pipe-tip, permitting Universal Peace to smoke away like the Weed that extends 'twixt his Eyes and the World a screen of smoke! Queerly People-Pacifying, blank blunt face suggesting No Need to Worry (the trembling Age's favoured Phrase)! Nor honest is he, more than must be; letting no creditable public Qualm whistle through any hole his "All-is-Well" can plug! Labours, with banal Nature-Essay and genial back-pat for Literature, to seem as intelligent as consists with that Philistine-Soundfellowism no success-seeking public man dare lack! Hoaxes, in short, a hoaxable Populace: War, meanwhile, not to be fooled (being no British Elector) winging daily nearer!

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Boomerang

No. 175

Considering that "its impact with any solid obstacle absorbs its motion and it falls to the ground," the metaphor would seem to be all wrong; for as we shall soon see the defence put up by Eliskases was a solid enough obstacle, and yet the boomerang hit back at Spielmann rather than falling to the ground, thereby vindicating another encyclopaedia's perfectly apt observation that "it is often as dangerous to the thrower as to the object at which it is aimed." Now look at the game (played in 1932), and watch for Black's 21st move; for that's where Eliskases made the boomerang turn back.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(17)	Q-B2	Kt(2)-B3
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-K3	(18)	R x Kt	B x R
(3)	P-B4	P-QB3	(19)	Q x KP!	K-B2!
(4)	Kt-B3	P x P	(20)	Kt-B5	QR-K1
(5)	P-K4	P-QKt4	(21)	Q-B3	R x B!!
(6)	P-K5	B-Kt2	(22)	Kt x Q	R-K8 ch
(7)	B-K2	Kt-K2	(23)	K-B2	KR-K1
(8)	Kt-K4	Kt-Q4	(24)	Kt-B5	B-B1
(9)	0-0	Kt-Q2	(25)	P-QKt4	K-Kt1
(10)	Kt(3)-Kt5	B-K2	(26)	B-Kt2	R(8)-K6
(11)	P-B4	P-Kt3	(27)	Q-Q1	P-B6!
(12)	P-B5!	KP x P!	(28)	B-B1	P-B7!!
(13)	P-K6	P x P	(29)	Q x P	R-K7 ch
(14)	Kt x KP	Q-Kt3	(30)	Q x R	B x P ch
(15)	P-QR4!	P x Kt!	(31)	B-K3	R x B
(16)	P-R5	Q-R3	(32)	Q-B1	R-QR6 ch

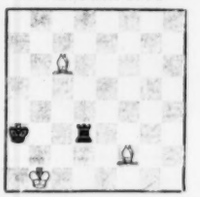
Spielmann resigned here in the dismal view of (33) K-K2, B-Kt5 ch, (34) K-Q2, R x R, (35) Q-Q3, R-Q8 ch, etc. But note how prettily Eliskases would have been mated in five or two moves respectively had he taken with the KtP on the 12th move or grabbed the Kt on the 13th.

I found this in I. Chernev's *The Bright Side of Chess* (Hollis & Carter, 10s. 6d.) which contains several games as thrilling as this one, a number of anecdotes some of which are quite funny, and a choice collection of problems and endgame studies. Here is a particularly amusing one, a piece by Troitzky, "doctored" by Korolkov. In giving the solution I quote Chernev's own witty allusions to "The House that Jack Built": (1) R-QKt4, R-R5, (2) P-QB4, R x P (*Pinning the Rook*), (3) B-Kt5 (*Pinning the Rook that pins the Rook*), B-Q2 (*Pinning the Bishop that pins the Rook that pins the Rook*), (4) R-Q8 (*Pinning the Bishop that pins the Bishop that pins the Rook that pins the Rook*); everything now being neatly pinned, the win is easy. If the Black P queens White simply plays R x B ch, etc.

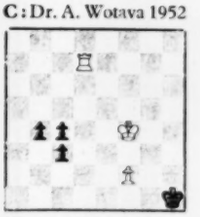
A: R. Spielmann 1929

Having shown Spielmann as a sucker I would consider it only fair to present him again in his more usual role of the conqueror. Hence, the 4-pointer for beginners in this week's competition is a game position in which Spielmann (White) administered a sparkling mate in 4. **B**—White to win—is a very instructive endgame study which may be slightly overrated with 6 points; but **C**—also a win for White—should be well worth every one of its 7 ladder-points. It is quite a tricky piece, and competitors should beware of some all too obvious "temptations."

B: E. Paoli 1951



C: Dr. A. Wotava 1952



Usual prizes. Entries by February 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 17

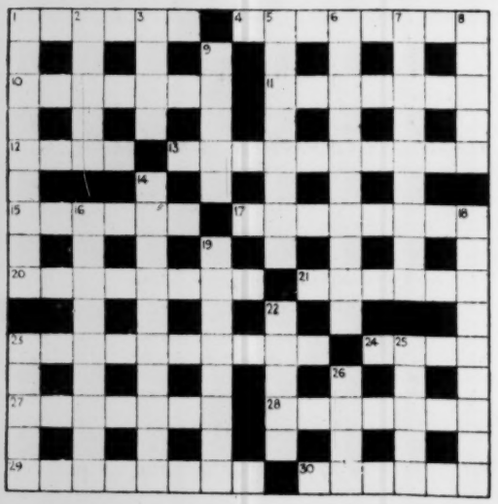
A: (1) Kt-K3, R-R7. (2) K-Kt4, P-R6. (3) K-Kt3, R-QKt7. (4) Kt-Kt4! R-Kt6 ch. (5) K-R2, K-B2. (6) Kt-B2, R-Kt7. (7) K-Kt1, P-R7 ch. (8) K-R1! etc.

B: (1) K-Kt6, K-Q1. (2) R-KKt5, K-K1. (3) R-Kt8 ch., K-B2. (4) R-Kt7 ch., R x R. (5) RP x R, P-K4. (6) K-B5, P-K5. (7) K-B4, P-Q3! (8) K-B3! K-Kt1. (9) K-Q4, P-Q4. (10) K-K3, K-B2. (11) K-B4, K-Kt1. (12) K-Kt5, K-R2. (13) K-B5, P-K6. (14) K-K6, P-K7. (15) K-B7, etc.

Most competitors dropped a point or two over the one or the other of these far from easy pieces. Only five perfectly flawless solutions from K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. They share the prizes.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword No. 34



ACROSS

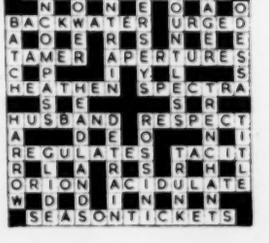
1. Piece that moves twice? (6).
4. A giant destroyed by a single princess (8).
10. A number of intellectuals found in a body (7).
11. Skippers become ships after three (7).
12. Tory paradise (4).
13. A sailor goes back in the sea and is festive (10).
15. Countryman in the Moscow manner (6).
17. Put off, the defender made a mistake (8).
20. Emotional passage to quote back (8).
21. Queen at the mountain (6).
23. It is a great occasion, but there is nothing in the cigar box (10).
24. This ball is a bezoar (4).
27. It travels behind, but shows what is coming (7).
28. Duke of Athens (7).
29. Newcome's brother-in-law (8).
30. These spirits would not improve sales (6).

DOWN

1. Floral trophy won by 15? (9).
2. Dramatist and Nobel prize-winner (5).
3. The instrument of award with nothing in it (4).
5. Reckoned a union to be Communist (8).
6. The disloyal gunners sit out of order (10).
7. Works which make a formal appeal? (9).
8. Slackens and stops when under a hundred (5).
9. The tiles are broken, but the place is not untenanted (5).
14. Everyone is after a change of rent in a month (10).
16. Tautologous description of the sea, but it holds water (9).
18. Sign of a separate sound (9).
19. This plant knew the air (8).
22. Harbours what remains in an afterthought (5).
23. Haul round (5).
25. Scene of conflict put back an age (5).
26. Put on a river (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 33



ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

CAWDOR Hotel, 9 Kensington Gdns. Sq., W.2. B. & B. from 12s. 6d. BAY. 0406.

HAMPSTEAD flat (furnished) offered for May, June, July and August. Wd. hold for American visitor. Refs. Near Tube and bus routes. Sleeps four. Phone. Artist's studio. Comfortable. Box 6436.

LGE. bedsit.-room, 2 divans, Bath, use of kit., inclusive htg., linen, service. Lancaster Gate, W.2. £2 each. 2 students or business ladies. PAD. 9083 after 5 p.m.

FLAT, comf., s/c, fully furn. Reas. Barnes. Suit yng. couple. Refs. Box 6673.

ANYONE needing 4-6 pleasant rooms (two furnished) or good two-room basement till end of year? All facilities. N.W.1. Details, rent, etc., from Box 6670.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk. 6280.

HAMPSTEAD: board residence. Large double room, breakfast, dinner, h. & c., baths incl. Suit 2 artist students. Box 6558.

ANGLO-French lady offers furn. accom., Contl. cooking, private house. 30 mins. W. End. Box 6621.

CENTRAL accommodation for business gentleman. Phone Maida Vale 1787.

SPACIOUS bed-sitting room in newly-decorated house. Bookshelves, concealed basins. Serv. Quiet road betwn. Swiss Cott. & Abbey Rd. £3 3s. MAI. 2962 or 2496.

NICE divan-room in Continental house. Breakfast/dinner, good/plentiful, very moderate terms. GLA. 3254 or Box 6719.

HAMPSTEAD. Single accom. with light cooking facilities in pleasant home where arts appreciated. 45s. 6d. p.w. Box 6712.

MUSWELL Hill, bed-sit. rm. beautifully furn. & equip., c.h.w., use bath., phone, frig. 45s. p.w. Tel. after 6 p.m. TUD. 6384.

SUNNY comf. bedsit.-rm., brkfst., supper optional. Quiet modern house. Moderate terms. 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

LARGE well-furn. newly dec. bed-sitt. room, gas fire & ring. 50s. p.w. incl. heat & service. Richmond area. POP. 7429.

TWO girls req. third share mod. flat 38s. 6d. p.w. 2 mins. Tube, own bdrm. Davies, 6/23 Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, N.6.

LARGE furn. sunny dble. divan room. Own kit. & bthrm. Suit 2 prof. persons. No linen. 2gns. each, excl. htg. 5 mins. Kew stn. Leigh, PRO. 2675 evenings.

YNG. woman sought to share lge. f. flat, N.6., close Heath, 30 mins. W. End, with 2 others. 9gns. ea. mnth. Box 6571.

25 MILES central London, 4 miles Sevenoaks Station in pleasant garden & parkland. S/c flats with private restaurant, nursery & junior school with fully trained resident staff. Designed for prof. men & women both working. Annual service charge includes lighting, C.H. & H. & C. £1,000-£2,000 according to size of flat. Box 6414.

FURN. Cottage, Rye neighbourhood, available immediately. Five rooms, garden and garage, bath, electricity, telephone. All mod. conveniences. Extremely pretty, close to shops and bus-stop. Three guineas weekly for one year, or longer if desired. Apply Woodgate House, Beckley, Rye, Sussex.

N. WALES. Furn. mntn. bungalow. Slp. 6. No linen. 4gns. wk. Miss Hartstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent.

BRISTOL. Comfortable large rooms for 2 sharing, full board. Good food and beds, home produce, large garden, informal left-wing family. Good bus services, 15 mins. Centre, Old Market. 'Phone Bristol 44478.

LEAVE accommodation or Holidays. N. Devon coast 17 miles Bideford. Fully furnished s/c flat, 4 rooms. Garage. Free now until end July. Short or long let. Rent according to season. Box 6477.

LARGE bed-sitting room, elec. kitchenette, etc., to let in charming house, Anglesey. Close sea, shops & 'bus. Quiet. Suitable someone engaged literary or artistic work. Use small studio if required. Box 6422.

CHEAP holidays Snowdonia-Beddgelert. Cottage charmingly furnished, every comfort and convenience for two or three. £5 p.w. including linen, plate and electricity. Short lettings March to July inclusive. Mrs. Flawn, Aspley Heath, Woburn Sands, Bucks.

CONNEMARA, Eire. 3-room cottage to let near beach. Vacant until July 1. Mrs. John Toole, Garraunbourn, Moyard, Clifden, Co. Galway.

CORNISH Coast chalet to let, Easter onwards, from £3 to £6. Electricity. King, 39 Dynham Rd., London, N.W.6.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

DIVAN bed-sit. rooms, H. & C., gas fires. Lge. garden, pleasant surrndgs. Meals as reqd. 25 mins. Cent. London. Bickley, Kent. From 11gns., sharing. Box 6554.

TO let: Modern flat with 'phone, Sutton, Surrey. 3 large rooms, bathroom & kitchen, (sleep 6). From April 1 for 6 mths. Rent 7gns. p.w. including linen, china, etc. Brebner, 2 Langley Court, Sutton.

EXCH. offd. Unfurn. s.c. 2-rm. flat, use bath, Bayswater, rent 35s. 6d.; for 3/4 rm. s.c. unfurn. flat same district or nr. central/S. London. Sim. rent. Box 6634.

URG. wanted by yng. couple, architect & painter, unfurn. s/c flat, house/studio. Wd. dec. or convert. Lond. area. Medium rent. Up to £100 f. & f. Box 6746.

YNG. archit. & wife expecting baby June want furn./unfurn. flat any cond. Wd. decorate. Rent £3 10s. p.w. max. Box 6689.

BASEMENT or ground floor unfurn. accommodation nr. Central London, reas. rent, reqd. by sculptress. Box 6481.

BACHELOR, prof. occupation, wishes meet another with hse./flat share on friendly independ. basis; own sizeable rm., tel., etc., essent. Inner S.W. pref. Box 6557.

YOUNG married couple (no children) req. unf. flat/rooms. Any District. Box 6560.

QUIET young professional couple seek furn. bed-sitting room, Hampstead/St. John's Wood/S. Kens. areas pref. Box 6676.

COMF. bed-sit. with good amenities wanted for young woman sec., N.W. pref. 'Phone WEL. 7285 or AMB. 9304 (evening).

WANTED desperately, furn. self-contained flat 3 rms. N.W. or S.W. London, to 5gns. p.w. Phone HAM. 7747, Miss Cheyney.

UNFURN. flat wanted: 4 adults: London area. Max rent £3 10s. Box 6582.

STAINED Glass artist with important commission, requires studio and unfurnished flat. London area. Box 6449.

REFINED couple require accom. London area. Would like to share comfortable home preferably with business couple or person. Excellent refs. Box 6555.

CAMB. grad., medical stud., wants unf. Rm., Flat, Boxrm., Attic/Basement, in Westminster, Pimlico, Chelsea, where he may Indulge his Hobbies of Interior Decoration & the Cultivation of Pomegranates. Box 6470.

WHAT householder with unfurnished rooms to let can help respectable professional couple find first own home in five years' married life? Box 6505.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. February issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

SPECIAL 5-Year Plan Issue "Anglo Soviet Journal" (Vol. XIII, No. 4) now ready. Plan articles: General Comment (M. Dobb), Labour Force (G. R. Barker), Living Standards (C. Creighton), Cultural Amenities (D. T. Richnell).) Eye-witness reports by Miles Malleson, Bernard Stevens, &c, &c. "Vicky" illustrations. Borikov on "pretty-pretty" novels. 11 pages book-reviews. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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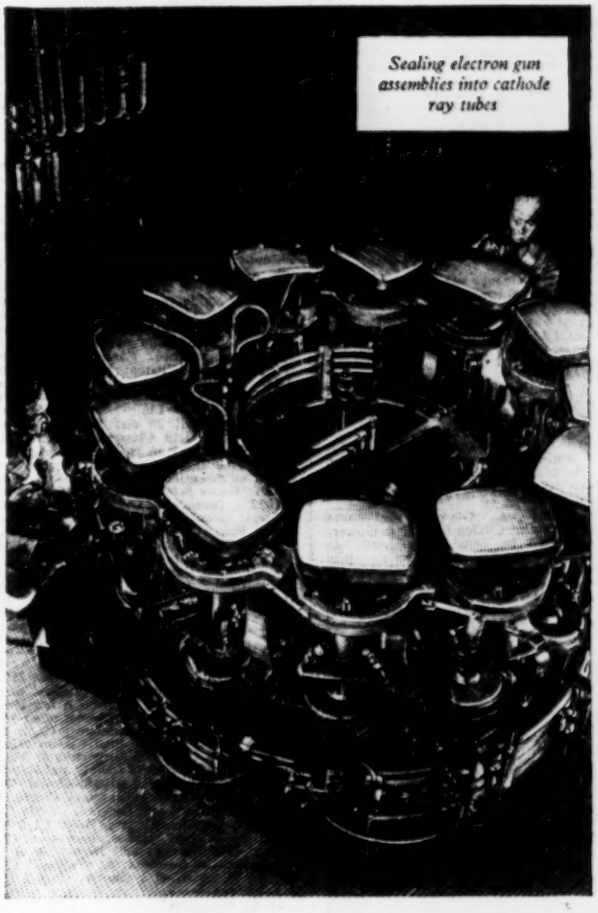

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

BEFORE the advent of television as a home entertainment for the millions, an electronic device known as a cathode ray tube found limited applications in scientific measuring instruments. Today, this device is the heart of every television receiver, and it is being mass-produced to remarkably high standards of performance and reliability.

In the operation of the cathode ray tube in a television receiver, a beam of electrons, modulated by the signals received from the transmitter, impinges on a luminescent screen. The scanning action of the electron beam reconstructs the transmitted picture, while the varying intensity of the beam provides the light and shade.

In direct-viewing receivers the picture is seen on the actual face of the tube. In projection receivers a picture of high brilliance, produced on the face of a tiny cathode ray tube, is magnified, and is then projected on to a viewing screen.

The manufacture of cathode ray tubes is a major activity of the Mullard organisation, and hundreds of thousands are produced annually for the British radio and television industry.

Mullard

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(398L)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the following positions:—Senior Lecturer, Mathematical Statistics (in the School of Mathematics)—Senior Lecturer or Lecturer. Lecturers: Psychology (2 positions); Veterinary Anatomy; Veterinary Physiology; Veterinary Farm Clinic (Clinical Officer). The above vacancies mainly arise from a decision to establish permanent lectureships in place of temporary or part-time appointments. Salaries will be within the range of: Senior Lecturer, £1,050-£1,300 (Australian) p.a.; Lecturers, £650-£1,000 (Australian) p.a., with the addition in all cases of cost of living adjustment (at present £A236 males, £A179 females) and annual increments of £A50. Salaries are subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salaries will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidates. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia, is March 7, 1953.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship. The University Court will be considering shortly an Appointment to the Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship, tenable in the first instance for a maximum period of five years from October 1, 1953, or from such later date as may be arranged. The appointment will be full-time. The stipend will be £800 to £1,000 per annum, with superannuation. All who may be interested are asked to communicate with the undersigned, who will supply further particulars. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Speech Trainer to take charge of work with students: salary on the scale £550 - £50 - £900 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a qualification in Speech Training and, if possible, some experience with students, teachers and schools. Applications (three copies), stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 9, 1953.

TWO District Inspectors (men or women) required for London County Council Education Inspectorate, each to have the oversight of a district, to advise upon, organise and inspect education in various types of educational establishments, mainly primary and secondary schools. High academic qualifications preferably (i) in English and or classics and (ii) in mathematics or modern languages. Practical interest in drama would be an additional qualification. (Salary £1,200-£1,550; appointments may be made above minimum.) Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.) 2/P., County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by Feb. 25. (88.)

DEPUTY Curator required for Geffrye Museum Kingsland Rd., London. Appreciation of antiques, knowledge of contemporary educational trends, and interest in cultural work in a London suburb desired. Art or craft ability an advantage. Salary £630-£778 (appt. above min. exceptionally). Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/S), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by Feb. 25. (35)

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of permanent resident Foster Mother or Foster Father at Ashhurst House, Shillingford Homes, Warborough, which accommodates 17-20 boys aged 7 to 18 years. Salary—£266 10s., less £85 16s. per annum board/lodging charge, plus 15s. per week overtime paid in accordance with Special Conditions of Service prescribed by the A.S.C. Preference will be given to persons with Home Office training or other recognised qualifications in social work. Appointment is subject to satisfactory medical examination, including an X-ray of the chest. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford, and should be returned as soon as possible. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. for post of Leader-in-Charge, Wigan. Keen membership and active committee. Candidates should have relevant experience and should be in sympathy with the Christian purpose of the Association. Non-resident post. Apply by letter to: Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker Street, London, W.1.

KING Edward VI High School for Girls, Birmingham.—Candidates for the vacant post of Head Mistress are reminded that the closing date for applications is February 14, 1953. Particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the Secretary to the Governors, Schools of King Edward VI, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812-£1,022, (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440-£707, (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440-£655, (women) £440-£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers, S.52/53, S.128/53 for other posts.

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions by Method I will be held in 1953 for the following: Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service. A few House of Commons Clerkships may be filled from Administrative Class candidates. Code No. 11/53. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service, i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence. Code No. 17-20/53. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service.) Code No. 21/53. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service for university graduates. Code No. 22/53. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview. Age limits, 20½-24 on August 1, 1953, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms must be returned by February 28, 1953.

MOLUSI College, Ijebu Igbo, Nigeria, requires urgently single male science graduate as Vice-Principal on two-year contract. £450-20 yearly increment, plus £20 Vice-Principal's allowance. Passage paid, free accommodation. Independent, non-sectarian Secondary boarding school, 300 boys. Tough life but interesting experience. Applications to Principal.

PUBLIC Health Department, Birmingham. Social Worker. A vacancy exists for a Social Worker in the Psychiatric Social Service. This is a community and aftercare service for adults suffering from mental illness. Applicants should possess a diploma or degree in Social Science and previous experience in mental health work will be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III (£525 × £15 - £570 per annum). Medical Examination, Superannuation Scheme, Sickness Scheme, etc. Applications, giving full name, age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of two testimonials should be submitted to The Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Council House, Birmingham, 3, to arrive not later than February 14.

THE National Council of Labour Colleges requires a Divisional Organiser for Cambridge-Ipswich Area and another for Edinburgh and East Scotland. Must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects. Salaries £450 rising to £505. Superannuation Scheme. Apply by February 27, 1953, to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires two resident teachers—see school adverts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

DISPLAY. Two fully experienced senior staff required—Display Man and Woman—for Beatties of Wolverhampton, which is the largest independent Department Store in the West Midlands. Ability to carry out original window and interior displays and a flair for handling high-class fashions essential. The positions are attractive ones offering good salary with privileges of Superannuation and Profit Sharing Schemes. Applications, giving full particulars of age, past experience and present employment, to Staff Controller, James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted qualified and experienced Case Worker; ability to train students. Salary to be discussed, but not less than £500 per annum. Apply, giving two testimonials and one referee, to The General Secretary, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

FAMILY Caseworker, Woman. Applicants should possess qualification in Social Science and recent experience with Casework Agency. Partics., including age, salary, with two refs., to General Secretary, Council of Social Service, Watlington House, Reading.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (part-time) required (four sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications, giving full details of age, qualifications, experience, and names and addresses of three referees, to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be required to pass a medical examination.

BEATTIES of Wolverhampton have vacancies for Assistant Managers in three Departments in the Store. Applications are invited from men and women who have had some experience of the retail trade and who possess the initiative, drive and personality to justify appointment to a responsible position. The vacancies are in Toys/Sports/Gifts, Baby Linen/Nursery Furniture and Men's Outfittings. Salaries are in the ranges £420/£500 for men and £330/£416 for women, plus profit-sharing, staff discount on shopping in the Store and Superannuation. Write to Staff Controller, James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton.

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ATTIC Players present Euripides' "The Women of Troy" tr. Philip Vellacott, Toynbee Hall, Feb. 19 & 20 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 4s. & 3s. from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627, or at door.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Until Feb. 8: "La Beauté du Diable" (A). From Feb. 9: Chevalier in "Le Silence est d'Or" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sun., Feb. 8, and Tues., Feb. 10 (Mems. only): Vigo's "Apropos de Nice," "L'Atalante." Mon., Feb. 9 and Wed., Feb. 11. (Mems. only): Carné's "Le Jour se Leve." Sat., Feb. 7, open to public. Cartoon and 3-dimensional films: "Joie de Vivre," MacLaren, Len Lye, Disney. Doors 12.45. Details Membership: British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Feb. 8, 7.30, "Cage of Girls" (A) (French).

SOVIET Film Festival. Wk. Feb. 16-21. Scala Theatre, 7.30. Mon., "Country Doctor." Tues., "Donets Miners." Wed., "We Are For Peace." Thurs., "Broken Fetters." Fri., "Pattern For Life." Sat., "Bountiful Summer." Sat., 2.45 "Children's Matinee" (children half-price). Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1 (MUS. 5731). S.a.e with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus. Pres. by Educ. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society.

"PAPRIKAJANCSI" Hungarian Evening; Films—Chaplin, "Oh, What a Night," "Tall Tales," featuring Burl Ives, Josh White, etc., in Folk Ballads and others: Balalaika Ensemble. Refrs. available; at B.H.F.S., 33 Perabridge Sq., W.2, Feb. 8 at 7.30. Adm. B.H.F.S. members 2s., guests 2s. 6d.

GLENCOE Arts Club—Sailing barge adjoining Tower Pier. Sat., Feb. 7 and every Sat. night, party, orchestra. Members 2s., guests 3s. Bar open 5-11. Feb. 14, with Philippa Reid in cabaret. Life classes every Sat. 2-4.30. HILL. 2592.

FEB. 14: Hampstead Artists invite you to St. Valentine's Party & Dance at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, 8.30-12. Adm., 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance, Saturday February 7, 1953, at the Artworkers Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., off Southampton Row, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 4s.

SOUTH African Students' Assn. Dance. Hampstead Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 6. Tickets: Single 3s. 6d. Double 6s. 7.30 p.m.

CONCERTS

VICTORIA & Albert Museum, S.W.7. This Sun. at 8. English Opera Group presents Szymon Goldberg, Peter Pears, John Francis, Joy Boughton, Terence Weil, George Malcolm. Bach Programme. Sonata in E for Violin and Harpsichord. Cantata: Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt. Trio Sonata G maj., Flute, Oboe, Continuo. Partita for Solo Violin in D minor. Cantata: Meine Seele ruhmt und preist. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., Chappell's, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1, and at Museum from 6.15 on Sunday.

BEETHOVEN & Bartok Series. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents 2nd Concert of Series, Wed., Feb. 11, 7.30. Martin String Quartet. Beethoven Ops. 130 and 18 No. 4. Bartok No. 6. Seats 4s. & 2s. 6d. Box Office, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

CONSTANCE Shacklock. Recital. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Sunday, February 8 at 7.30 p.m. Works by: Brahms, Duparc, Elgar, Fauré, Gluck, Monteverdi, Mozart, Schubert, Strauss, Vaughan Williams, Verdi. Tkts.: 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s., 10s., 12s. 6d. from Box Off. TEM. 7961, Chappell's, MAY. 7600 and usual Ticket Agencies.

WIGMORE Hall, W.1. Sat., Feb. 14 at 3 p.m. The English Opera Group Association presents a Concert Reading of a new Opera, "Nelson," the music by Lennox Berkeley, the libretto by Alan Pryce-Jones. Nancy Evans, Arda Mandikian, Catherine Lawson, Peter Pears, Thomas Hemsley, Trevor Anthony, Robert Keys. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall & usual Agents.

"SCENES from Operas." A performance by the Students of The Opera School, Ltd. (Principals: Joan Cross, C.B.E., and Anne Wood), will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 9, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

EXHIBITIONS

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Small Print Matisse's "La Nappe Rose," now published at 7s. 6d. plus tax 3s. 7d. Complete illus. catalogue 1s. post free from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

OPPOSING Forces. Paintings by Sam Francis, Georges Mathieu, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Ossorio, Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Iaroslav Serpan. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tuesday to Friday, 11-6. Saturday 11-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. 11-6, Sundays 2-6, Closed Mondays.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Yorkshire Landscapes by L. Colbourn. Terracotta Animals by P. Ascherson. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. Frederick Franck: First Exhibition in England.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Hans Hartung. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Ryan; Frederick Gore; and Paul Feiler. Watercolours by Hilde Stieler. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and James Hull.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith and Paintings by Ten Young Artists.

EXHIBITION Paintings by "Belsize Group," Feb. 16-28. Hours 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. The Cooling Galleries, Ltd., 92 New Bond St., W.1. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14. (1) Sculpture & drawing Bentley Chughton, Denis Curry. Opens Feb. 11. (2) Works by Carter, Alexander, Weatherby, Powter. Opens Feb. 10. Daily 10-5, Thurs. 10-8, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum, debate on "Was the Prague Trial Anti-Semitic?" between Rev. Dr. A. Cohen & Prof. Hyman Levy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E. Thurs., Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. Wel. 0136.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Feb. 11 at 7.30 pm. Ambrose Appelbe on "The Reform of the Divorce Laws" at St. Anne's Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

PADDINGTON Parents: a panel of experts will discuss problems of education, Maida Vale High School, Wed., Feb. 11, 8 p.m.

CRISIS in Kenya. Hear Desmond Buckle, Abe Lazarus, Peter Blackman, Hampstead Town Hall. Tuesday, February 10, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Hampstead Communist Party.

"FAMILY Law in People's Poland," spkr.: Leslie Solley, Friday, February 6, 7.45 p.m. Questions and discu. Refrmts. All welcome. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

TOWARDS Personal Faith: Introductory Lectures on Metanomics by Peter Fletcher, Oak Room, Kingsway Hall, Monday next, Feb. 9, 7 p.m., and following Mondays. Adm. free. Silver collection.

MRS. WHITAKER (Lai Po Kan) will speak on "The Women of China," Feb. 13, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace and Craven Road).

DORA Russell: "Is Peace Possible?" Hampstead Eth. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn., Sun., Feb. 8, 7.45.

UNIVERSALIST Service. Sunday, Feb. 8, 3-15 p.m., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Near Victoria Stn. Discourse by Mr. Ronald Lightowler. "What is Man?" P.P.U. Religion Commission.

"AN Architect in China." Lecture by F. Skinner, A.R.I.B.A., 7 p.m., Friday, February, 20 at the Conway Small Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Admission free.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue on "Extra-Sensory Perception." Basil Druitt and J. Guilfoyle Williams. Conway Hall, Wed., Feb. 11, at 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Feb. 11, 6.30 p.m. Public lecture: "You are your thoughts!" Mr. R. Fussell.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 4.15 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m., Feb. 12: "The Mantra (the Sacred Word.)" Feb. 19: "Pranayama & Breath-Control." All welc.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 14 at 6 p.m. M. Bréant: "L'influence de Baudelaire sur Verlaine."

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League invites you to come and hear the facts of the Prague Trial on Tues., Feb. 10, at 7.45 p.m., at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Speaker: Mr. Sam Russell. Chair: Mr. Stanley Moore.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 10. J. P. Hodin, "Art and the Spiritual Crisis of our Time." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Feb. 6. T. Stevenson, "The Townsman in the Country."

DISCIPLINE in the Soviet School. Dena Levin, Chair: Mary Baxter, J.P. Thurs., Feb. 12, 7.30. Institute of Education, Malet St. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 8. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Mountains and Men." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

EDWARD Conze: "Jungian Psychology and the Wisdom of the Past." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Feb. 8 at 11 a.m.

RUSSIA and Eastern Peoples of U.S.S.R. Review of recent discussions. Brian Pearce. Tuesday, February 10, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission 1s. 6d (S.C.R. and students 1s.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "Roman Art and the Art of the Early Middle Ages" will be given by J. B. Ward Perkins (British School at Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on February 11, 18 and 25, at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Sq., W.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "The Profession of a Critic" will be given by Miss Helen Gardner (Oxford), at 5.30 p.m., on February 17 and 24 and March 3, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission Free without ticket.

GOLDSMITHS' College, New Cross, S.E.14 (TID. 2266). "The New Challenge from Islam": Owen Tweedy. 6 lectures, Mondays from Feb. 9, 7.30 p.m. Course fee 5s. Full partics. from Warden.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses, February 23-March 1: "Sources in History." The sources of Local History for amateur historians and teachers. Week-end on Wiltshire history. March 2-7: "Thinking, Speaking, Writing." Ample opportunity for practice. March 13-15: "Good Design in the Home." What is a well-designed article? April 2-8: Easter Course—"Existentialism." Meaning, origins, literature, against background of modern thought. Details and full Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

THE Probation Services. Professional training for students who intend to enter this work is available through the Home Office. Minimum age 21. Particulars may be had from the Secretary to the Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advert should be mentioned.

FOLLOWING successful experiments in group work at the Isobel Cripps Centre courses will be run in Psychosomatic Re-education beginning March 2: (1) For medical practitioners interested in latest developments in postural re-education and relaxation; (2) For ordinary men and women who realise that they can benefit by learning to use the body more effectively; (3) For former pupils who want a refresher course. Details from Secy., 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. PARk 7222. Private lessons continue to be given as usual.

MUSICIANS frequently find themselves hampered by technical difficulties arising from excessive muscular tension, and when these are more than superficial a special technique is required to bridge the gulf between intention and performance. I am now able to offer, in association with the Isobel Cripps Centre, help of this kind to pianists and 'cellists. Telephone Niso Ticciati, B.Mus., L.R.A.M., at PUT. 9437 or write to Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11.

GOING Abroad this year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Courses in English for Foreign Students. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships avail. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance examination for admission September, 1953, will be held on March 23. Last date for application: March 1. Full particulars and application forms from: 36 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

AT Pendley—Feb. 14/15: "Modern American Dramatists: O'Neill, Odetts, Anderson." Fee £1 15s. Feb. 21/22: "The Countryside in Early Spring." Fee £1 15s. Full particulars from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); Lond. B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

UNIV. tutors, G.E.C. & degree, day & evening, 20 Berwyn, S.E.24. TUL. 4352.

FRENCH through conversation with certf. teacher. Private tuition £3, evening class 10s. for 12 lessons. 'Phone BAY 5916 until 5.30 p.m.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian. English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

HARROW Tutors—London's best-known coaches. HARrow 1720 for appointment.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816

GUITAR tuition. Segovia style. Beginners Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

DRESSMAKING pays. Learn in 12 lessons. Box 6390.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Institute of Education. A Summer School will be held at Hereford, Saturday, July 25-Saturday, August 8, 1953. There will be Courses on "Education for International Understanding" (Director of Studies: C. F. Strong, O.B.E., M.A., Ph.D.); "Attitudes and Prejudice" (Director of Studies: Professor E. A. Peel, M.A., Ph.D., University of Birmingham), "Diagnostic and Mental Testing" (Director of Studies: Professor E. A. Peel, assisted by Dr. T. Husen, University of Stockholm). Fee (tuition and residence) £16. For further particulars and application forms (which, when completed, should be returned on or before March 14, 1953) apply to the Director, Institute of Education, The University, Birmingham, 3.

EDUCATIONAL Holidays at Dillington House, the Somerset Education Committee's Residential Centre for Further Education. Landscape Painting: July 28-August 7, 1953. Inclusive fee £8 15s. Instruction by Miss Mabie Wickham, R.I. Exploring Somerset: August 7-14, 1953. Inclusive fee £10. Includes daily coach visits to places of interest. Applications to the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

FILM School of the British Film Institute. The successful residential course of last year held in Scotland at the time of the Edinburgh Festival is to be repeated from August 16-29. Enrolments now beginning. Particulars from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

HOUBLON-Norman Fund. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applications for Fellowships or Grants in aid of research into the working of financial and business institutions in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Apart from exceptional cases, awards will be confined to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom and will take effect from October 1, 1953. Fellowships will be awarded for one year, renewable for a second year; and the amount of an award will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the likely expenses of his work. Applications should be made not later than March 31, and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary of the Fund, c/o the Bank of England, London, E.C.2. W. M. Allen, Secretary.

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance and Scholarship tests (maximum age of entry 14) will be held at the School, March 30-April 1. Scholarships are awarded for general or particular abilities, including Art and Music. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

More Classified Adverts on Page 159, 161/2/3

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.